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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE

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"Bringing Our Sheaves With Us."

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

The time for toil has past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eve;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Laden with golden sheaves.

Last of the laborers, they feel I gain,
Lord of the harvest—and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light and worthless—yet their trifling weight
In all my frame a weary ache leaves;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late,
And these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more than wheat—
Dead blemishes, and dry stalks, and withered
leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

But passing where some radiant flowers grew,
Drooping with humming bees—those fluttering
thieves—
I braided garlands, crimson, white and blue—
Lo, how their drooping grace and gorgeous hue
Make beautiful my sheaves!

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value nor utility—
Yet their fragrant beauty and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather faith and hope anew,
Since well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strive to do,
And though the fall, ripe ears be sadly few
Thou wilt accept my sheaves!
Portland Transcript.

Original Novelet.

FOUR IN HAND;

OR,

THE BEQUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1858, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Penn.]

CHAPTER IV.

HUGH CONISTON.

A short time after Philip's accident, a letter arrived for the master of Coniston Hall, which created no little sensation in his family, though it was from one whose name and existence were scarcely known to any but Sir Ralph—Hugh Coniston, Esq., the younger brother of the old, and the only surviving uncle of the present Baronet, and who more than a quarter of a century back had gone out to India on a commercial venture, thereby losing caste irretrievably with his proud kinsfolk, the world said, forgetting that there is no crime against old blood and immortal family honor which guineas and rupees cannot retrieve. However, there was a most unpleasant family scene—a breach, a "blow-up," and poor Hugh, who was resolute to obtain, swung quite clear of home and country together. The natural ties of brotherhood seemed to have dropped asunder at the touch of trade. The merchant apparently bore it all with the utmost philosophy. He never sought to establish any, even the most formal correspondence with his brother, or his brother's successor, and it is hardly necessary to say that no proposition for the interchange of over sea courtesies and affectionate sentiments was ever pressed upon him by them. He established himself at Calcutta; and gradually died to European life and interests. No tidings of his advancing commercial career and fortunes ever came to rouse the dull ears of his kindred. He had been called, even in his youth, an eccentric man, melancholy, or misanthropic, but there were a few better family traditions of him, which came down to young Philip, at least, which gave one a more admirable and lovable idea of his character.

Philip's father had been a favorite with his uncle—with him alone the exile maintained a correspondence, irregular, but affectionate and frank. On his part, the young soldier confided in him far more than he ever confided in his stern and unsympathetic father, and arrogant elder brother. He advised with him on his choice of a profession, but on a more important matter, the choice of a wife, he asked not even his counsel. After the great step was taken, he wrote in a cool, cavalier style, not by any means characteristic of him, informing his uncle that he had taken for his wife "a village maid," beautiful and good—a woman of heart and brain, but quite portionless and beneath the rank in which he had been expected to mate. By this act, which no human power, or event, not misfortune, alienation, sorrow, beggary, could ever cause him to regret, he had shocked and estranged his family—they refused to see, or recognize his wife, and without the blessing of his old father, who said—God forgive him! "I am glad your mother is not alive this day!"—without a word of paternal farewell from his

elder brother, with only a stolen interview with his sister, he was about to leave for the new world—his regiment having been ordered to Canada.

Months went by, bringing no response to this proud and somewhat bitter letter, and Captain Coniston reluctantly concluded that his brave and sensible Uncle Hugh, the simple-hearted Indian merchant, was either jealous of his affection, or resented his independence, and his so-called *misalliance*. So the poor fellow said, with a sigh—"I must let him go, too. He is like the rest, after all."

Once he was strongly moved to write to his uncle. It was when his little son Philip was born to him—but he thought of the fate of his last letter, and stayed his hand, even after it had touched the paper. Alas for the jealous pride, the faithless scruple that refused to give the old far-away friend the benefit of a doubt—that trusted fickle winds and treacherous seas more than the tried heart, also proud and distrustful, that wondered and waited and desponded. That letter had never reached India. It had gone down, with thousands of others, for which hungry hearts waited in vain—gone down with the good ship and its goodly freightage of souls. Through terrible heights and depths of ocean that stout ship toiled and battled and beat her heavy way—stormed upon by a tropical deluge, a fierce, descending sea—hurried by mad, persistent tempests, dismantled, rent and bruised—but she gave up the fight at last—reeling blind and helpless among the howling and buffeting waves, for a time—then plunged down into strange depths of briny dark, as though in search of the eternal quiet there.

But to return to the Indian merchant. The sudden discontinuance of his nephew's letters, frank and cheery missives, fragrant with the air of home, was no light grief and disappointment to him, a reserved and lonely man, secretly sorrowing over a great loss, which saddened all life for him. He had loved Philip, the boy, he loved Philip, the man, no less; and the belief that he had been forgotten by, or become indifferent to, the gay young soldier, gave him poignant, though unexpressed pain. Thenceforward his days, which had never passed lightly since they dated from a burial, were on more wearily than ever. But no one would have guessed it. To all outward appearance, Hugh Coniston was a man of commerce and trade merely—staunch and honorable always, but long-headed, clever and enterprising—the thorough master of his calling. He had no slavish love of money—he seemed to have enlaved the genius of gain—to be coining the very sunshine of his adopted country into gold—fortune came to him in such unheard-of, marvellous ways—flowed back to him from such wild uncounselled ventures.

At length, after nearly thirty years of toil and exile, irresistible longings visited his heart, if not for the family home, on which he had no claim—if not for the kindred who had tacitly disowned him, for dear old England—for its quiet Christian beauty, its civilization and refinement, its freedom and repose, its compactness and fixedness. He panted for the cool shade of her parks, the breeziness of open downs, the delicious coolness of hills and lakesides—he even sometimes longed for the friendly veil of insular fogs, as the intense heat of Indian suns grew more and more insupportable to him.

He returned to England—a nabob, passing rich in rupees, but wretchedly poor in the priceless patrimony of nature—health; a bilious, choleric, crochety old man, broken before his time in his vital energies, but with his intellect undimmed, and his will, naturally strong, and strengthened by habits of authority over a host of deferential employes and native dependents, yet unweakened.

Mr. Coniston stopped for a few weeks in London, to consult with his lawyers in the winding up of his foreign business relations, and the severing of the last commercial ties which bound him to India; and also to take the most eminent medical advice in regard to that troublesome ill which nabob flesh is especially prone to—a liver disordered, diseased, riddled by heavy charges of uncompromising English living, and the steady fire of fierce Indian suns.

Dr. Abberville was at that time, the fashionable physician of London. His eccentricities were accepted as the mark and moral of the man. Lords and ladies who in health had been used alone to delicate dainties and worshipful deference, in sickness had been soothed by the tender condolence, the suave and deprecating counsel of his medical advisers, responded meekly to his rough questioning, and took his rudeness with his other remedies, as a healthful tonic.

My Lady sometimes shrank from the unceremonious grasp of his cool, professional fingers, intent upon pulse-feeling—nothing more—so unlike the dainty touch of the soft hands of model medical men, that a foretime flattered down upon the snowy wrist in whose aure veins beat languidly the blood of the Howards. My Lord sometimes drew himself up to a solemn height of alarmed dignity, and was indelicately impertinent—the hye-chordial old Duchess wept and stormed—the gouty old Admiral swore—but in spite of his bearishness and because of his bearishness—or perhaps because of his bearishness, and in spite of his great abilities, Abberville was the fashion, the Doctor Johnson of medicine.

To him went Mr. Hugh Coniston, on behalf of his suffering liver. He received first a stinging lecture on his abuse of that organ, and next a prescription of a most unlooked-for character. He was not to be dieted, drugged, bled, or blistered—sent to Margate, or to Bath.

He was only to take exercise. But it must be exercise of a certain character, duly and strictly prescribed. Daily, for two hours in the morning, in all seasons, in all weather, regularly, without a day's interruption, he was to drive four in hand in an open barouche! "Do this, sir, said the Doctor, as he rose to take leave, and you may even now create for yourself a new liver, under the ribs of death—not so good as the one you have used up in your villainous way of living, but one which will serve your time and purpose. But mind, if in your high wisdom, you conclude that four-in-hand is too much for you, and drop down to two—or if you see fit to employ a Jehu—that is, take your medicine by proxy—or if you over-do the matter, in time, or turn out, the consequences be on your own head, or rather liver! I pass you over to Nature, sir, and—" "Horse-flesh," added the patient, laughing. "Yes, horse-flesh. I have great faith in horses, sir. Arabs, Tartars and Camanches are never troubled with liver-complaints, with consumption, or dyspepsia. God made the horse for the companion, the best friend of the human animal. In my opinion the fall of man was a fall from horse-back. You smile, sir, yet the idea of the half-humanity and divinity of horse-flesh is not new—it gave rise to the old myths of the Centaur, of Castor and Pollux, of Apollo and Pegasus. As the race has been divorced from the horse, it has degenerated physically, the world over. This is my philosophy, sir—hence my equine prescription."

An odd enough prescription it was, for a validation of three-score, and looking fully up to man's appointed time. But it caught the fancy of Hugh Coniston—it was something new and rousing, and losing sight of the inconvenience and eccentricity of the proposed treatment, he heartily thanked his quizzical adviser, as he placed a double fee in his hand. The truth is, he was childishly glad to be delivered from the dread of a more "heroic" style of treatment—the dosing and drenching and blood-letting he had deemed inevitable, and he hastened his departure from London, that he might carry out faithfully and punctually directions so clear and sensible.

Though grown a stranger to his country and his kin, the nabob had a home in England. Sometime before his return, he had purchased, through his English agent, a noble estate near Keswick, on Lake Derwentwater. It was not alone the picturesque and poetic fame of the lake-country, the English Arcadia, which drew him thither. He had peculiar personal and very dear associations connected with Keswick. Here he spent some golden years of his early manhood. Here he made his first acquaintance with the classics, not within the dull walls of a school, or under the harsh rule of a pedagogue, but within the rose-embowered rectory, and from the teachings of the learned Rector, a kindly old man, with "one fair daughter." The young man's college vacations were often spent here than at Coniston Hall—for there he was only the younger brother—motherless, sisterless, almost penniless; here, he was the honored and beloved guest—the adopted son, the more than brother.

Once again he came to the rose-embowered rectory—only once. It was after the college-life was over, and before the life of trade had begun.

No shy, sweet smile welcomed him at the porch—there was a strange stillness about the house—the look of the old servant who answered his knock, struck death into his heart. Then came darkness, then a vague sense of infinite loss and a consciousness of that dreadful silence being broken at last by more dreadful words, and the sob of a white-haired old man.

"Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!"
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed,
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.

Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink."

From this day that fair broken promise of love, that beautiful, brief dream of joy, was to the constant, manly soul of the lover more than the fulness of another's perfected hopes—more than all realities of life—and that lovely lake-side town became for him a thrice-dreaded and sacred place, because of a grave in the old church-yard, to which his heart came back on a thousand secret pilgrimages, over the waters and wastes and mountains of half the globe—a grave, lowly, grassy and daisy-dotted, yet for him, shadowing his native isle from sea to sea.

So Hugh Coniston came to Keswick to see his last days, where he had known the only two human experiences worth living for—love and sorrow.

For two or three years he occupied himself very much to his satisfaction in alterations, additions and innumerable improvements on the fine, but somewhat decayed old mansion and the neglected lands, of which he had become the possessor. He expended large sums of money so liberally, yet so judiciously—his plans for improvement and adornment being marked by refined taste and good sense, that the attention of the neighboring gentry and of the sight-seeking lake-tourists were drawn to him and his work. "He must be a gentleman, who builds thus charitably—who plans thus artistically—who buys such pictures and statues," they said. So they, the neighboring gentry, visited him, wrote, Duke had led the way—and the tourists, after about him, and sketched all over his domain, and at last, views of "Wytham Court near Keswick," the seat of Hugh Coniston, Esq., lake of Calcutta," became common in the print-shops and illustrated journals.

It was thus that information of the existence, the whereabouts, the character and wealth of his nabob relative at length reached Sir Ralph Coniston, Bart, and "stirred up his pure mind, by way of remembrance." After carefully weighing, as was his wont, the pros and cons of the matter—after making the closest inquiry as to the present social standing of the merchant, after finding himself sheltered by the broad *Egis* of Desal precedent, he was actually meditating a letter to his uncle, an august welcome to his native shores, and a gracious invitation to Coniston Hall, when lo, there came a letter from the nabob himself—a kindly, hearty, though somewhat sorrowful overture of affection and friendly intercourse.

Hugh Coniston had grown lonely and discontented; for the first time in his busy, if not happy life, he suffered from the vague oppression, the ceaseless, refined torture, of that polite demon of weariness and disappointment, ennui. He had done with building and planting. Nothing now that he could see, remained to be done for the improvement of his estates and the condition of his tenantry. His halls were illumined with pictures, peopled with statues, sentinelled by knightly figures in costly armor; his conservatories and aviaries imprisoned the bloom and melody of the tropics; his library was packed with the wisdom, wit and fancy of the world; yet his heart, his great empty heart, was desolate and vaguely wretched. It brooded over tender memories, it yearned silently but passionately for kindly companionship, and finally turned from a desperate impulse of natural affection to kindred long estranged, by whom he had believed himself forgotten, if not despised.

Ah, our nabob had with all his gettings, got little worldly wisdom, or he would have known that there are few breaks of the most sacred family ties which the magic golden soldier he possessed could not repair! It has healed great national breaches, which the rich blood of heroes and princes failed to cement. He should have known that there was little need of his so carefully and tenderly feeling his way toward reconciliation, and the establishment of friendly relations with his kindred, to whom he came with the great "open-seams" of the world—gold. Yet I am not sure but that I like him the better for his not knowing all this. His pleasure was the greater certainly, in receiving an early and cordial response to his letter, and a pressing invitation to Coniston Hall, from his nephew, the Baronet. This invitation he accepted at once, according to his prompt and frank habit of action, and very soon after departed for Northumberland. That he might not lose his favorite, and, as he believed, indispensably necessary exercise, for a single day, he travelled by easy stages in his own carriage, the open barouche prescribed by Dr. Abberville, driving four-in-hand, with a supernumerary coachman by his side, and his "own man" reclining at ease on the luxurious back seat—the ideal of exalted and complacent funkism.

His four-in-hand driving was almost the only condition of his English life which the nabob had not wearied of during the past three years. He had at first been somewhat annoyed by the attention which his turn-out excited—by the curious staring, the smiles and gestures of villagers and country people, and on the part of the juvenile population, the not unfrequent shouts and hurrahs called forth by the unusual spectacle of a bronzed, grave and elderly John, driving with an evidently unpractised hand, four fiery bays—once every day, through every season, of heat or cold, storm or shine—no failure for the sake of business, or pleasure—positively no postponement on account of the weather—"tramp, tramp," along the dusty ways of mid-summer—"splash, splash," through winter sleet and rain—dashing bravely through the blinding fogs of November, and the pitiless pelting of April rains.

But gradually as the odd apparition of the new acquire, his chariot and smoking steeds ceased to be a novelty, and create a vulgar sensation, and as the driver gained skill and strength by practice, his daily hygienic devoir which at first he had submitted to as a daily penance, lightened into a habit of life—an event looked forward to with singular interest and zest—became a hobby, in short. A marked improvement in his health since he came to Wytham Court, seemed to justify his faith in the singular prescription he had so religiously carried out. Taking his word for it, and who knew better? the doctor's prophecy had more than come true, a physiological miracle had been wrought, and a new liver created within him, sounder than the old. He had grown younger, too, in appearance, as well as in feeling; his hair had ceased falling out (when there was little to fall); his complexion, which, when he left India, shone with a metallic yellow tint, and on the voyage "suffered a sea-change" into a mottled brown, had grown clear and almost ruddy—even his eyes, soothed by the softened light of English skies, renewed their falling powers.

All this improvement Mr. Coniston ascribed to his daily chariot-driving, giving no credit whatever to the salutary effects of a total change of climate, scene and occupation. As his leisure increased, his drives extended, till at last he often spent three or four hours of a morning upon the box. Thus it happened that he undertook the considerable journey from Keswick to Woolham, though in mid-winter, only as a lengthened drive, without misgiving, or sense of hardship, and therefore it happened that Sir Ralph Coniston having merely been informed that he might be looked for on a certain day, and supposing that he would without

doubt, travel by the mail-coach, missed him by going to Woolham, and young Philip Coniston reclined alone in the library window, had the satisfaction of first witnessing his arrival, and the honor of first receiving him.

The visitor entered, and strode up the room rather brusquely. He was chilled by the keen northern air, which had pierced even through his ample fur wraps, and yet more by the utter lack of the kindly welcome which should meet a kinsman, and of all show of that fine old baronial hospitality which should greet a stranger in an ancient hall like this. As his eyes fell upon Philip, he drew near the window, evidently expecting the young man to rise and give him welcome. But to stand without assistance was as yet forbidden to Philip. Embarrassed by his position, he could only bow, and look round anxiously for some one to do the honors to the stranger. Mr. Hugh Coniston eyed him rather severely, and said, coldly—

"Sir Ralph's eldest son, and heir, I suppose. I pray your pardon, young gentleman, for interrupting your reading or study, and beg your permission to be seated in your presence, as I am somewhat tired."

Philip flushed to his temples, but replied, calmly—

"You mistake, sir, I am not the son of Sir Ralph Coniston—and I think you will hold me excused for sitting in your presence, when I tell you that I have a broken ankle which prevents me from rising. And now, may I pray you to be seated?"

"I beg your pardon, my dear young friend, I sincerely beg your pardon!" exclaimed the nabob, looking really distressed, "I am a testy, unreasonable old man, rendered somewhat more savage than usual by the fatigue of journeying, cold, hunger and the very negative sort of a welcome I have met at this grand house. At the hall door I encountered only the frosty front of a pompous old porter, and on the landing the supercilious squint of a dandy footman, who actually had the effrontery, sir, to look at me through an eye-glass!"

"That must have been Harold's man," said Philip, smiling—"he is a 'Jeames' of the first water. But I think, sir, that you should not judge of the hospitality of Coniston Hall by the experience of this morning. Sir Ralph must have expected you by the coach, as he has driven over to Woolham. I am sure he will regret the *contre-temps*."

"Zounds! that's just like me, blaring out on the slightest occasion, or without any occasion at all, and doing people injustice. I ought to be made to ask my nephew's pardon, as I have asked yours. But the moods and pets of an old man are not of much account. I sometimes think that the heat of that infernal climate of India has got into my brain—I am as hot-headed as a boy."

"Is it possible," exclaimed Philip, "that I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Coniston, of Calcutta?"

"To be sure—who else should it be? But no wonder you did not make out my name from the die away drawl of that dainty footman." Then drawing his chair near the window, the kindly old merchant continued—

"You say, my lad, that you are not the son of Sir Ralph, but you surely are a Coniston. You are wonderfully like one of the family whom I knew once—though not, I beg your pardon—quite as handsome a young fellow as he was at your age."

"I am the nephew of Sir Ralph, and therefore a Coniston—by name Philip Hugh Coniston," replied the lad, smiling.

"Philip!—why that is his name—my youngest nephew, the Captain's. It isn't possible that you can be his son? Why, he is a young man yet."

"Captain Coniston was my father. He is dead."

"Dead! Good God, how you shook me! Poor Phil, and he so brave, so fiery, so full of healthy, happy life when I saw him last. Ah, well, he knows now, perhaps, how well his old uncle loved him."

"He knew that while here," replied Philip, "and loved that uncle in return, dearly and faithfully. I have heard my mother say that to the day of his death he bitterly regretted your estrangement from him."

"My estrangement! I was never estranged from him. He dropped me, on my marriage, as happy young Benedicts are apt to drop their tiresome old bachelor friends on that occasion—in their great riches despising our poverty—denying to us poor lonely Palmers any share in the new home-light and cheer. I only heard of his happiness by chancing on a notice of the marriage in an English paper. That fretted me—and it was not kind of Phil, I must say it, though the boy is gone now, and I forgive him a thousand times over, I am sure. I remember your mother as a lovely, little lisping girl, with great soft, gazelle-eyes, and a shy, tender, almost womanly smile. Philip was very fond of her when I left England, and I was not surprised, and I was glad to hear that the boy's fancy had ripened into the love of the man. She—your mother is yet living, I trust?"

"Yes, and as beautiful as ever," replied Philip, warmly. "And, sir, I am sure she could explain to you the breaking off of my father's correspondence with you, and convince you that the blame rests with fortune, not on his memory."

"Doubtless, doubtless, very likely I have been a self-tormentor, a stupid old jealous-pale all these years—and now poor Phil is beyond reconciling word or hand-grasp of mine! But I shall see your mother—she is here, with you!"

"You will hardly see her here," replied

Philip, coloring. "She has nursed me through my illness, and has but this morning left me. She lives with my grand-parents, at Woolham, and leads a very quiet, domestic life. I am receiving my education and residing at the Hall."

"Ah—then I shall take the earliest opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Coniston, at her home."

"She will be most happy to see you, for my dear father's sake—but, there is my uncle, returned from Woolham!"

A few moments after this, Sir Ralph and Lady Coniston entered the library. They welcomed their guest with all the show of cordiality which self-interest could throw out of their gold nature, and very courteously apologized to him for being left so long alone.

"Alone!—oh, no, not so bad as that," replied the visitor, smiling. "I have had excellent company, in our young nephew, here. We have got on famously together, and are already good friends, I hope. How strikingly the lad is like his father."

This remark to Lady Coniston.

"Really!—yes, perhaps there is a resemblance. But I am not good at detecting likenesses, and then I never had the honor of an intimate acquaintance with Captain Coniston."

"Your ladyship may well esteem it an honor lost," answered the simple-hearted nabob. "Philip Coniston was as noble a young fellow as ever trod the earth or measured his manly length in the grave."

A short pause followed this hearty tribute to the dead soldier. It was broken by a proposal from Sir Ralph to show the guest to his room: an offer which was gladly accepted, by Mr. Coniston, who was beginning to feel uncomfortable in his wraps, heavy and travel-stained.

A half-hour later Mr. Gregory came in, and taking Philip up in his strong arms, as though he were a child, carried him to his chamber, which he kept for the remainder of the day, not feeling strong enough to go down to dinner. Mr. Coniston looked in upon him, however, at night, before retiring, and sat by his bedside, conversing a little while very pleasantly. As he rose to go, "You must call me 'Uncle Hugh,' as your father did," he said, in his usual quick, imperious tones, but with a certain wistful look of the eyes, quite touching and impossible to resist.

"Gladly—with thanks for the privilege," replied Philip. So it was "Good-night, my boy!" "Good-night, Uncle Hugh," and both the lonely old man and the fatherless youth went to sleep the happier that night for having met, and clasped hands over a grave.

At an early hour the very next day, Mr. Hugh Coniston drove over to Woolham, to pay his respects to the widow of his nephew. He invited Sir Ralph to accompany him, but was politely put off on some flimsy pretext, which he being a man of few words, and those words of truth and directness, received in perfect good faith.

The conventional Baronet and Baronesses, high-bred to a transcendent degree, and with a sense of *les bienséances* exquisite to painfulness, were secretly shocked and annoyed by the *contré apparence* which their relative and his turn out presented.

Lady Ellinor winced in anticipation of the whirlwind of vulgar gossip and impertinent questioning which his advent would be likely to create; but Sir Ralph comforted himself somewhat with the thought that the wealth of the nabob, when made known, would cover a multitude of conventional sins.

Well, it is true there was a sensation, decided, unprecedented, as the foreign-looking stranger, his face bronzed and furrowed out of the remembrance of the oldest inhabitant, drove at a dashing rate down the main street of Woolham, and drew in his fiery thorough-bred at the sign of the Peacock and Mortar—the shop of the village pharmacist. Great was the wonderment, wide and wild and reckless were the guesses, when after a few words with the old apothecary, the strange visitor was shown through the shop into the family parlor, and the curtained glass door ruthlessly closed on an unsatisfied community.

Mr. Coniston spent an hour with his nephew's widow—a very small portion of which time served to clear up to his perfect thought and satisfaction, the mystery and misunderstanding of years. He wept at Amy's simple explanation, and alternately blamed himself and "poor Phil" for unkindness and lack of faith.

"He ought to have written again, and given me another chance," he said, with a heavy sigh, which seemed to tug at his heart-strings,—"and I was a fool, and worse, not to know that there was something at fault beside my brave boy. Oh, if I had not let him slip away from me so young might have had him still! He never should have remained in that barbarous country to fret away soul and body in obscurity and inaction. But I was jealous, morbidly proud and sensitive. Circumstances made me so, I think—I am sure nature did not make me so strongly with such unwholesome ingredients."

"And circumstances had, I fear, a similar influence upon Philip's frank and loyal nature. He grew strangely suspicious of all affection but that of his own little household. His heart yearned toward you, missing the old love and confidence, but he was too proud to make concessions where he held that no concessions were due."

"Certainly, I see it all—I blundered, I erred woefully. It was my place to write again—I was a boor, a churl, not to write and congratulate him on the happiest and proudest event of his life! Well, all I can now do to repair my error, is to be to the son what I might have been to the father. Will you allow me, my dear madam, to be the friend and helper of your son,

LETTER FROM LONDON.

SHADE AND SUNSHINE—A GLIMPSE OF OUR WEDNESDAY—LONDON AND PARIS—EAST-ER MONDAY—A CIVIC SPECTACLE—A WONDERFUL INVENTION—A HAPPY OCCASION—A COME EVENING.

London, April 9, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post: Your "Paris Correspondent," when recording, in a recent letter, the sorrows and distresses of a friend compelled, by a sudden call to England, to get her passport in order, little supposed that she would so soon be obliged to go through with the same disagreeable process, and be "fessed" out of the sum of 10 francs (93) charged at the bureau of the Minister of Foreign Affairs for a supplementary visa which, though it has always been obligatory in theory, was never required in point of fact until the enforcement of the late administrative measures of "public safety." But so it is; the death of one friend, and the marriage of another, having called for my presence on this side of the narrow channel which separates la belle France from "foggy England."

Of the first of the motives just assigned for the sudden "fitting" of your correspondent, I say nothing here; the last and scenes of the laying down of mortality, and the consequent episodes of domestic change, are interesting only to the parties immediately concerned. But the fact of Matrimony, though "as old as the hills," and of perpetual recurrence all the world over, is allowed to possess a universal and never-failing interest which justifies the chronicler of contemporaneous history in counting on the sympathy of all readers whose eyes may happen to fall on the humble record which details the "ins and the outs" of any such celebration; in reliance on which obvious psychological and social law, I venture to invite the readers of THE POST to accompany me to the scene of the bridal festivities, a magnificent ballroom, dating from the 11th century, and made up of various additions built at different periods up to the present day. This old, picturesque mansion, standing in a noble park, in one of the eastern counties, we will call by the borrowed appellation of Castle Mildred, bestowing the same name on its noble owners, Lord and Lady Mildred, the parents of the bride; while the bridegroom, heir to a rich baronetcy in the north of England, shall figure in this truthful recital under the name of Augustus Moreton, Esquire, of Moreton Lodge, a lovely country-seat on one of his wife's estates, which has been beautified and refurnished as an occasional retreat for the youthful pair, while awaiting the arrival of those inevitable changes which will soon day or other convert them into Sir Augustus and Lady Moreton, of Moreton Hall. The wedding, of course, was to take place at the residence; and the happy pair were to pass their honeymoon in the flowery retreat of Moreton Lodge, so carefully and elegantly "done up" for their reception. When I have added that the two families are both wealthy, (that of the baronet having somewhat the advantage, in this respect, of that of the lord,) that they have long been intimately united in friendship, politics, and support of the game laws, that the match had been planned from the infancy of the young people, and that the latter, against the example of the greater number of those who are so arbitrarily disposed of in their cradles, are devotedly attached to each other, it will be sufficiently evident that the event in question was a signal for great rejoicings among the members of both families, in the little world of which they form the respective centres.

With the few preliminary observations we will consider ourselves as having safely accomplished the "regulation" of passports, and the journey to the French coast, crossed the thin line of sea that has worked such incalculable good for England by severing her, in a great measure, from the vicissitudes and immediate contact of her continental neighbors—and thus enabling her to devote her energies to her own peculiar and specific development—and been whirled up from the white cliffs of Folkestone, with its gray houses, and their rows of smoky chimneys, to London the Enormous, which is growing, as it has been doing for the last twenty years, far more rapidly than any other city in the world, and whose approach suggests, to those who have been even a twelve-month away from its precincts, the ominous question "Where will London stop?"

The huge metropolis will soon number three millions of inhabitants. Streets, squares, "crecettes," and "polygons" are springing up in new brick and freestone in every part of its circumference; and villages, and even towns, that formerly lay at a good distance out of "London," and were looked upon as being "in the country," are reached and surrounded by the outflowing tide of brick and mortar, and are gradually absorbed in the vast and still extending mass of masonry that threatens to cover the entire surface of the counties in which it stands, and to spread out in indefinite extension until the "town of London" shall have pushed its boundaries to the three seas and the Tweed!

As we drive through the heart of the town—a stream of vehicles of all descriptions filling the streets, and every now and then bringing our cab to a standstill of several minutes—we look out upon the stream of busy people that cover the pavements, all so eager, so wide-awake, so evidently in earnest, and contrast the overflowing activity and energy of the population with the listless air of the people of Paris. This contrast is very striking. So also is the look of sturdy, fearless, unconscious independence everywhere visible; so curiously different from the air of the Frenchman now-a-days, moving, living, and having his being, on the sufferance of despotic government, an overwhelming army, and a ubiquitous police!

As we drive by the Mansion-House, we are struck with the sight of an interminable stream of boys, the "blue-coat boys" of Christ Church Grammar School, and are civilly requested by a fresh and good-looking policeman, to draw up for a few moments in the wake of a long stream of vehicles similarly arrested to allow of the coming forth of the Municipal carriages. We therefore suddenly remember that this being Easter Monday, the pupils of

that very ancient "Charity" do, on this day, march in procession to the Civic Palace, and thence to Christ Church—whose bells are ringing a merry peal of invitation—where they attend Divine Service in that edifice, in presence of the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and Aldermen, the Governors of the Charity, and a great crowd of spectators. The boys, bare-headed, according to the bequest of the Founder, which prescribed the non-wearing of hats and caps by the future pupils, come streaming, two and two, in their queer costumes, accompanied by a guard of friendly policemen, who have enough to do to keep their young charges from scampering into the middle of the street, and getting themselves killed by the horses and wheels that cumber this crowded thoroughfare of Cheap-side. The boys wear a long, blue cloth gown, with little white bands like a parson's; white stockings, black leather shoes, with heels and silver buckles. In honor of the day, a ticket, with the words "He is risen," is attached to the breast of each little blue gown. The boys look healthy and merry, though cases of eye-disease are common in the school, caused by their being deprived of covering for the head, a whimsical provision which Parliament would do well to set aside. The carriages of the Civic Fathers now come slowly forth, amidst a loud flourish from the band stationed opposite to the grand entrance. First comes the carriage containing the Sheriffs, and seeming very full of those illustrious functionaries, whose robes fill the carriage to overflowing. The liveries are blue and silver; three laqueys behind, a solemn coachman on the box, masses of blue silk, covered over with silver braidery, and surrounded by glorious cocked hats to match. The Lord Mayor's carriage is of a different pattern, with flaming liveries of crimson and gold; the carriages of the Aldermen, ditto. These hundreds of boys, with their Civic protectors, the regular guardians of the noble Charity in question, after hearing prayers and a sermon—and constituting a spectacle of no ordinary interest, will enjoy the usual "Easter Banquet;" the boys in the magnificent old hall of the school, with its great pictures, its carved oak, and its stained glass windows, showing the arms of successive royal and noble benefactors of the Institution; the Lord Mayor, and his attendant luminaries, in the Banqueting-hall of the Civic Palace, where the Queen's Ministers, Ambassadors, and others favored with invitations, will sit down to a magnificent "spread," and devour the traditional turtle-soup, and all "the delicacies of the season."

Presently the carriages roll away towards Christ Church, the long lines of stagnant vehicles put themselves once more into movement, the crowd disperses, and we are speedily conveyed to the railway station, whence we set out across a country verdant with young wheat, with every bank and hedgerow and coppice tree-pastured over with primroses, for the hospitable walls of Castle Mildred. At every station we take on fresh passengers, necessitating additional carriages; for being a holiday, crowds of people take advantage of the day to give themselves an airing in the green fields so seldom beheld by them, but always so dear to English people. At every station we behold the flaming pictorial advertisements of the maker of some new chair for babies, comprising two compartments, in the first of which, labelled "Home Miserable," an unhappy, uncomprehended infant, in its mother's arms, is screaming itself, its mother, nurse, and aunts into an agony, while the father, in a state of desperation, is vainly endeavoring to look over the columns of the newspaper, with a view to the enlightenment of his ideas on the topics of the time.—Vain effort! the small domestic tyrant, wanting to know what keeps up a row that effectually hinders any such attempt on the part of his "papa." In the other compartment of this touching pictorial design, labelled "Home Happy," the infant, as happy as a prince, and consequently in a state of cherubic good-temper, is placed in the newly-invented chair, which finds it to be constructed with such a perfect appreciation of, and adaptability to, the instinctive requirements and aspirations of the infantile existence, that it is amusing itself, in paradisaic satisfaction, with a toy which, but for the soothing and blissful influence of its chair, it would assuredly be engaged in breaking to pieces, and hurling the fragments, amidst discordant shrieks, streaming tears, and spasmodic kickings, into every corner of the room.—Papa, sure of the peace of his household, has read the paper and gone to business, no longer dreading the horror which will bring him home. Mamma, the picture of happiness, is footing up her account books in an elegant morning gown; the nurse is sewing in another part of the room, and the aunts, such pictures of misery in the other scene, look seraphically happy in this.—The moral of this interesting representation is too obvious to require any setting forth in this place.

Our reception at Castle Mildred, with an influx of other guests, is as hospitable as the warmest or most exigent of travellers could desire. The romantic old pile, placed from its very vastness, and delightfully situated in the centre of its noble park, and within the shadow of ancestral woods, is gay with bright fires, bright flowers, bright faces, and the brightest of bright liveries. Host, hostesses, and family are in the happiest spirits; and a party of fifty-five sit down to dinner, in the grand old dining-hall, at seven o'clock in the evening. The black oak panels and furniture, and the heavy green curtains, the old armor, and old plate, shining in the light of an enormous wood fire on the wide, open hearth, and the light of some scores of wax tapers. In the servants' hall, no less than twenty-nine ladies' maids, having unpacked their mattresses' trunks, and laid out the innery they contained, in readiness for the morrow's ceremony, are showing off their airs and graces, and receiving the gallant attentions of the "Mercuries" of the establishment.

After dinner, the large and lively party adjourn to the dining-room, where a number of little groups are soon formed, some chatting in a low voice of the details of to-morrow's doings, some taking possession of the piano, others amusing themselves with "bores," the last new game of cards, which seems to be considered as very pretty and agreeable by the adepts, but of which your correspondent, who pleads guilty to a total incapacity of comprehension in all that regards the science of card-playing, is unfortunately unable to impart any particulars

to your readers. The noble conservatory which opens its wilderness of exotics out of one side of the drawing-room, and the picture gallery—a long, narrow room, fitted up with antique relics of every kind, many of which especially the old armor and the delightful old carved cabinets in dark oak or ebony, are much more interesting than the starched and faded portraits of former generations of Moretons, are brilliantly lighted, and offer a charming promenade to the more restless spirits among the guests, some of whom are doing no small amount of flirtation on this propitious occasion. Lord Mildred and his son are closeted for an hour in the library with their lawyers and the legal advisers of the Moretons, putting some "last touch" to the deeds of settlement. The bride-elect, Ellen Mildred, is a tall, fair, graceful girl of two-and-twenty, amiable and accomplished, and who will probably discharge with honor to herself, and advantage to those around her, the duties of her new position. The bridegroom, who will not appear until to-morrow, when the two recluses will meet at the village church, is a sensible, upright young man, not handsome, not brilliant, but known and valued for his sterling qualities of his heart and head by all about him. There can then be little ground for doubting that future happiness is really in store for the new pair. Two of the bridegroom's sisters are here—in pink satin—handsome, fashionable and lively girls, delighted with their future sister, whom they have regarded from childhood as one of themselves; they will figure to-morrow among the eight bridesmaids who will accompany the bride, in all the glories of white silk, honiton lace, and white roses.

As the wedding takes place at eleven o'clock, and there will be a deal of dressing and marshalling to do before we all get off, it is understood that a peal of the gong in the hall will waken every one from the last morning-dream, precisely at eight o'clock, when chocolate, &c., will be sent to the ladies in their rooms, the gentlemen only being looked for in the breakfast-parlor at nine. The bride and the eight bridesmaids, however, smile among themselves at this announcement, their maids having orders to waken them punctually at six o'clock, when the grand affair of their toilettes will be at once proceeded with, it being their impression that they will still be obliged "to make haste," in order to be ready by the appointed hour. And so, at an early hour, the party breaks up.

Next morning the gong rang through the house as promised, but I believe that few of the ladies were awakened by the peal. Great indeed was the commotion that reigned in Castle Mildred! Upstairs "dressing" going on, in all its forms and its furies, with the aid of an army of maids and valets, reinforced by the arrival of a "professional capillary artist" and his aids, a dressmaker and a tailor, all come down from London by the early train, so as to be ready to supply any necessary help in case of accident. Downstairs, the reception-rooms were being adorned with flowers, and a magnificent déjeuner was being spread on the hospitable board of the Great Dining Room. Happily, all these preparations went on successfully; and the morning was lovely, no small point in favor of such a "turn-out." And a fine "turn-out" it was. The bride with her parents, and an uncle whose heiress she is suspected to be, went in the first carriage, then came the bridesmaids and their attendant awains, in four other carriages, and next an immense array of carriages conveying the other guests; all as gay as white favors could make them. Outside the park gates was a beautiful arch of evergreens and early flowers, put up by the pupils of Lady Mildred's pet school, who were all drawn up in two long lines on either side of the road, dressed in their best, and holding huge nosegays. Having indulged in cheers for the bride, who has always taken great interest in them, the little people fell into rank in the wake of the carriages, and strolled joyfully after us to the church. There we met the rest of the bridegroom's party, the procession speedily formed, and entered the church under a second flowery arch put up by the villagers, the service was gone through with by the vicar, and congratulations having been duly received from a crowd of the neighboring gentry, the party returned to the Castle.

The Mildred family being much beloved by their tenants, the road from the church to the Castle was lined with little groups, anxious to catch a sight of the new pair, and to express their good wishes. It was altogether a pleasant and memorable sight. The breakfast was very splendid, and very gay; the bride, for a wonder, shed no tears; being a sensible girl, and really very happy, and certain to be in constant and affectionate communication with her family and her home, she seemed not to consider the occasion as being at all a heart-breaking one. The bridesmaids had evinced symptoms of tearfulness at church, but finding the quiet happiness of the bride to be proof against these incipient demonstrations, they dried their eyes, and resumed their smiles, to the great relief and satisfaction of everybody else. After breakfast, the new pair drove away in a carriage and four, laden with white ribbons; a substantial dinner was given in the park to all the country-people of the neighborhood; and the children of Lady Mildred's school had a feast in their school-room, which stands in one corner of the Castle-grounds, and a dance and all manner of games on the soft green turf of the lawn under the Castle-windows.

The guests all dispersed in the course of the afternoon; and, by the evening, only a few of the most intimate friends of the family remained within the hospitable walls of Castle Mildred. And a delightful evening it was, after all the gay bustle of the day had subsided, and those who were left by the retreating tide of visitors found themselves quietly and cozily gathered around one of the most refined and hospitable hearths of hospitable England. Of the gossip that went on by the flickering fire-light in Lady Mildred's boudoir, to which by common consent we had adjourned after dinner, as being "pleasantest" than the wide splendor of the drawing-room for so small a party, I have jotted down certain fragments, which I may, perhaps, bring out from my note-book on some future occasion. For the present, the numbering of the page on which I am writing, warns me to bring this already lengthened "yarn" to an immediate ending.

QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia, which arrived at New York on the 24th ult., brings Liverpool news to the 17th. Advice from Hong Kong says that the four great Powers have given the Emperor until the end of March to send Plenipotentiaries to Shanghai. The Chinese were arming around Canton, but the Elders of Peking formally declared that it is only for their defence against the rapids, who threaten the city.

Capt. Yeh reached Calcutta on the 22nd of March, and was kept under close surveillance.

In the British Parliament, Mr. D'Israeli has announced that compensation has been demanded from Naples for the imprisonment of the English engineers, captured on board the steamer Cagliari.

The Western Powers are said to have refused to support Rumania, in its aggressive measures against Naples.

The French Ambassador, the Duke of Malakoff, arrived in London on the 15th. At Dover he was received with military honors.

The central part of the city of Christiania, Norway, has been destroyed by fire. The Norwegian Credit Bank is burned; the books and valuables, however, were saved.

The Independence Barge says that every effort will be made to settle the dispute between Naples and Sicilian. The King of Holland is likely to be selected as arbitrator.

The Times says the Turkish Government has contracted with England for ten war steamers, of 260 to 300 tons, to establish the Black Sea fleet allowed by the treaty of Paris.

The advice from all the commercial countries of the continent describe a stagnation of business, and a general exercise of caution.

BOREY, March 24, 3 P. M.—Lucknow fell on the 19th ult. One hundred and seventeen guns were captured, and about two thousand of the enemy were slain during the siege. Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson were rescued. Eight officers were killed. The whole of the town is in our possession. Major Hoadin killed; Sir William Peel wounded. Mrs. Orr and Miss Jackson were brought into Jung Bahadur's camp unhurt. The townspeople and villagers, being protected, are resuming their occupations. The submission of the principal landowners has been accepted. About fifty thousand of the enemy have escaped, making for Rohilkand and Bundelcund. The army is in pursuit of the rebels.

It is stated that the subscription in Italy and England for Orsini's family exceeds a million of francs.

Monsieur Orsini has left Paris to return to the Italian village where she has long been established as schoolmistress. Friends of Italian liberty helped to administer all the comforts that lay in their power by subscribing handsomely to the widow and fatherless, and a sum of 2,500 francs was placed in Madame Orsini's hands at the moment of departure, to which the principal subscribers are English.

Naples, March 24, 1858. The Emperor has ordered 10,000 francs to the fund in aid of Lamartine, and not £1,000, as was erroneously reported. The Minister of the Interior has put his name down for 500 francs, and it is reported that the other Secretaries of State will put their names down for a similar sum. The Siele and the Pays have also subscribed 500 francs each. Prince Jerome Napoleon gives 1,000 francs and the Count de Wimpfen has offered to address to the Committee by his Secretary.

The Minister of Marine has ordered some trials to be made of flat bottomed steamboats on a new system, which are intended to be used as transports in the Chinese rivers, should it be necessary to make an attack upon Peking.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says, that a project is before the Senate, which provides that, in future, Senators, councillors of the State, and grand crosses of the legion of honor, are, in case of criminal charges brought against them, to be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals, and be amenable to the high court of justice only. Thus France, with all its democratic notions about equality, will have a privileged body in the State.

Paris, on the 1st, the monopoly of the butchers ceased, and meat fell one-third in price. Surveys are now making with a view to the establishment of telegraphic lines along all the principal highways of the empire, so as to put every sub-prefecture in communication with the capital of its department, and all the prefectures in Paris.

The Turin correspondent of the Times says that the conduct of Napoleon III. towards Italy continues to be a subject of speculation, and it was regarded as an enigma which nobody could solve.

LOMBARDY.—The Gazette de Cologne says:—Three more regiments have been ordered into Lombardy, as Vienna is alarmed at the symptoms of discontent at Milan and Venice. Scenes of conspirators at the theatres are hailed with hurrahs. The students at Paris make common cause with those of Padua, and the rising generation are ready to move on the slightest chance.

RUSSIA.—The Gazette of St. Petersburg contains an article which maintains that, by the insurrections of the Christian populations and the absorbing action of Austria, the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire is imminent, unless Europe shall intervene.

The advices from London are still the subject of prime interest in that city, and no doubt throughout the empire. Alexander II. is impressed with an idea that progress in Russia can only exist by elevating the people and educating them, in order that the masses may at least approach the intelligence of the western nations. Twenty-two millions of peasants are awaiting these vast reforms, which if completed will in time change the whole character of the Russian empire. Nevertheless, the belief is entertained by cool spectators in the Russian capital, as well as by many persons in this country, that this great effort to abolish serfdom in Russia will fail, as previous efforts have failed.

A report lately presented to Emperor Alexander contains the following statistical returns relative to landed property and serfs in Russia:—The number of families who are landowners amounts to 137,000. Out of these 2,000 possess from 1,000 to 10,000; 2,000 from 500 to 1,000; 18,000 from 100 to 500; 30,000 from 21 to 100; 75,000 have less than 21. The total number of peasant serfs of the nobility amounts to 11,760,000, and those of the Crown to 9,000,000. There are therefore 20,760,000 persons in all.

HOSTILITY BETWEEN RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.—The London Herald's Paris correspondent writes on the 7th:—The chief topic of conversation in political circles here is the growing hostility between the two great powers of Eastern Europe. The many Russians in Paris speak of the outbreak of a war as a probable contingency, and it is generally expected that the Austrian Ambassador at St. Petersburg will ere long take his departure from the Russian capital. It is no secret to any one who is conversant with the state of Europe, that for a long time past a feeling of bitter animosity has existed between the two empires, and it is now stated that Russia is eager to take vengeance on her quarrelsome ally for her selfish desertion during the Crimean conflict. The formation of a camp of 100,000 men at Warsaw is pointed to as a preliminary symptom of the bursting of the storm, which has long been brewing, and the Austrian occupation of Montenegro is mentioned as a likely pretext for an open rupture.

MARKETS.—Liverpool, April 18.—There had been a slight decline in all qualities of Cotton, affecting the inferior grades most, which are 4d. lower, while the middlings have declined 1d. Fair qualities are unchanged.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

New York, May 1.—The steamship Roma, left Southampton on the night of the 17th ult., and brings London evening papers of that date.

The trial of Simon Bernard for participation in the attempted murder of the Emperor Napoleon, was concluded on Saturday afternoon. The jury, after a consultation of one hour, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Telegraphic despatches received at London, state that an organized plot in favor of Russia, had been discovered in Circassia, and a Hungarian officer, who was implicated, together with several emissaries, had been condemned to death.

Affairs between Turkey and Montenegro have become so alarming that the Russian Charge at Vienna, had announced that Russia is concentrating troops on the frontier to provide for contingencies.

LONDON, Saturday evening, April 17.—Consols were firmer, closing at 94½/100.

Is my earthly bed beneath the flowers,
My little darling lies;
But from heaven's blue I hear a voice—
'Tis hers. It sweetly says "Rejoice,
I am beyond the skies!"

Beside her grave among the flowers,
I walk with thoughtful tread;
And 'midst the buds beneath my feet,
I hear a whisper fairly sweet,
"Your darling is not dead!"

—Rosa Dis.

☞ We do not want precepts so much as patterns, says Pliny; and example is the softest and least invidious way of commanding.

☞ The drop which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not where it falls, but to-morrow thou findest it swept away. Already, on the wings of the north wind, it is nearing the tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and not lie motionless? Thinkest thou there is aught that God has made, that is motionless, without force, and utterly dead?—Carlyle

☞ My uncle the parson was an adept at the use of the knife and fork. It may be supposed by persons unversed in the science, that the easiest thing in the world is to divide a pair of boiled fowls, and slice up a billet of salted pork. It is not so, my masters. Nothing is easier indeed than to tear the one piece-meal; and maul the other into fragments; but to apply the knife with unerring exactness to the line or point at which the division is most gracefully to be made; to let the detached part take with it the exact proportion of the epicure, that it should when upon the bird, and not a jot more; to help bountifully and with a liberal heart, and yet with a discretion and reserve that can always, while anything remains, renew the supply with a part that seems almost as desirable as any that has already been given away—this is CARVING.—Henry Cary.

☞ God has appointed certain insects, birds, and beasts to be destroyers. They consume decaying matters; they roll up and feast on filth. To their palate life is unseasoned and insipid, but death has flavor. Such, also, are minor critics in literature, cynics in morals, and heresy-hunters in religion.—Becher.

☞ The course of evil begins so slowly, and from such light sources, an infant's hand might stem the breach with clay; But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy, Ay, and religion, too, shall strive in vain, To turn the headlong current.

☞ Our sins, like to our shadows, When our day is in its glory, scarce appear; Towards our evening, how great and monstrous! —Suckling.

☞ A man living at a hotel is like a grapevine in a flower-pot—movable, carried about from place to place, docked at the root and short at the top. Nowhere can a man get real root-room and spread out his branches till they touch the morning and the evening, but in his own house.—Becher.

☞ Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide; him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire.—Emerson.

☞ A writer gives the following advice to wives: "Should you find it necessary, as you undoubtedly will, many of you, to chastise your husbands, you should perform this affectionate duty with the soft end of the broom, not with the handle."

☞ A wise man will foresee inconveniences before he makes his bargain; and an honest man will stand to his bargain notwithstanding all inconveniences.—H. Marten.

☞ A certain dissatisfied wife says that her husband is such a blunderer, that he can't even try a new boot or shoe on without "putting his foot in it."

☞ In the early part of the American war, Franklin went to Paris, in hopes of obtaining pecuniary resources from France. For some time he was unsuccessful, and being invited to a large party, a gentleman observed, "It must be owned, sir, that America now exhibits to us a grand and magnificent spectacle!" "True," replied the doctor, dryly, "but the spectators do not pay!"

☞ "Action is life!" 'tis the still water falleth! Inaction ever despaireth—be wailed! Keep the watch word, for the dark rust assaileth. Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon! Action is glory!—The flying cloud lightens! Only the waving wing changes and brightens! Inaction only the dark future frightens! Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune."

☞ In 1800, Mr. Benjamin Outram, of Little Eaton, Derbyshire, used stone props instead of timber for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails. As this plan was pretty generally adopted, the roads became known as "Outram roads," and subsequently, for brevity's sake, "tram roads."

☞ The Boston Transcript says, in a single building in Boston, one evening last week, there was a prayer meeting on one floor, a boxing exhibition in the room above, and a calliope ball in the upper hall. A passage from one room of the edifice to another would have given a good illustration of Pope's line:—

☞ When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it about the head, and it seems to have given up the ghost, and lo! the next day it is as healthy as ever.—Bulwer.

☞ All who have meditated on the art of governing mankind, have been convinced that the fate of empires depends on the education of youth.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.

The steamship Mexico, Taylor, at New York, from Aspinwall, brings California dates to the 5th ult. She left Aspinwall on the 19th ultimo, and brings over 500 passengers, and nearly \$1,500,000 in treasure.

There has been a great amount of rain during the fortnight, probably nearly four inches, and it has visited all parts of the State. Before this rain, a severe drought had been felt in all the southern counties, and much harm was done to the crops, the grain in some places heading out, while the stalks were scarcely six inches high.

About the 20th ult., there was a heavy frost, which did serious injury to the young fruit, and there is danger that the peach orchards from Red Bluffs to Santa Cruz will furnish little fruit this year.

An effort is making to have the capital of the State removed to Oakland.

The Assembly has under consideration a bill to prohibit the immigration of free negroes. The people of the town of Mariposa are making an effort to drive the Chinese from their place. Many of the citizens have signed a paper promising to have no dealings with the Chinese, and to let no houses to them; but the paper is not binding unless all the citizens sign.

A young man named Heath murdered an Indian at Los Angeles, about the 10th ultimo, by shooting him with a rifle—the muzzle against his breast—while asleep. Heath has been arrested. So far as appears from the statement in the Star, he cannot be convicted, because the only witness to the murder was the Indian's wife, who was at his side when murdered.

Henry A. Bruce was shot and killed near Sacramento on the 26th ult., by John Keller. The difficulty had its origin in jealousy on the part of Keller, who says that Bruce tried to induce his wife to leave him.

Capt. Bennett, of the late brig Coriella, had been arrested at San Francisco, and held to bail on the charge of having scuttled his vessel at sea, having first robbed her of \$50,000 silver, which he shipped at Mendocino, San Francisco. The treasure is said to be buried near Cape St. Lucas, to which point the vessel had been sent for its recovery.

A boat containing a load of diseased meat was stopped at Market street wharf on the evening of the 25th, and the putrid stuff thrown overboard. It was intended to be sold in the San Francisco market.

Two hundred Chinese immigrants arrived in San Francisco in the clipper ship Darling, from Hong Kong, on the 18th.

Counterfeit twenties (double eagles) are in circulation. The coins have been sawed through the edges, filled with lead, and remilled. The work is executed so neatly that it is impossible to detect the fraud.

The late banking firm of Messrs. Sather & Church are said to be bringing their affairs to a satisfactory arrangement, and are believed to be about resuming business.

The red petticoat has made its appearance in San Francisco, several ladies having adopted it as a street costume.

The application of several residents of the Twelfth District to have colored children admitted to the school of that district, has been denied by the Board of Education.

The news brought by the steamer John L. Stephens, that the opposition line of steamers had been stopped, created no little excitement in town. There were about fifteen hundred miners here, awaiting a passage, who, on hearing the news, held an indignation meeting on Portsmouth Square, and voted to proceed to San Pedro, whence they intended to start over to Texas.

The steamer Senator sailed on the 3rd ult., with a number of the advanced guard board, all of whom refused to go on the mail line, at the raised prices.

During the month of March, out of a population of 80,000, in the city and county of San Francisco, only 98 have died. In February the deaths were 94.

The dates from Oregon are to the 27th ult.

The "Salem" wing of the Democratic party had nominated Lafayette Grover for Congress, and J. M. Winters for Governor. They had also unanimously adopted resolutions sustaining Mr. Buchanan's administration.

The advices from the Sandwich Islands, to the 18th of March, contain nothing of importance.

BATTLE IN PERU.—A sanguinary battle took place at Arequipa, on the 7th, between the government forces under Castilla, and the revolutionists, headed by Vivanco. The latter were defeated, and had escaped to Bolivia. Arequipa had been stormed by Castilla. The battle is said to have been terrible. Of one battalion of 600 men, which defended the barricades, all were killed but forty. The steamers Apurimac, Aranco and Lambayque, had been captured and sent to Callao. The loss on both sides, at the storming of Arequipa was over two thousand killed, and the city was filled with the wounded. The Lizaso Thompson and Georgina were still held as prizes at Callao, and would be sold. It is said that Castilla intends to push the war into Bolivia, and attempt the overthrow of the Linaroz government.

There has been an utter want of animation in nearly every department of trade since the departure of the last mail, and previous quotations have been maintained only in articles that were comparative scarce, while in others, especially in breadstuffs and coal, there has been a marked decline.

The invoices of provisions by the latest arrival from New York and Boston, have been all sold before their arrival. The market for them continues firm.

Mining matters show an improvement, owing to the recent heavy rains; the returns for March showing an increase of fifty per cent. over those of January. There has been no material change in financial matters, and the money market is easy. Loans can be readily made at 2½ per cent. on merchandise securities.

A WIFE COMPRESSED INTO A RING.—A certain Russian noble, who lately visited Paris, was noticed to be constantly plunged in deep sadness. He wore on his finger a very remarkable ring, large enough for a bracelet, and extended over his hand like a buckle for the ring finger. It was of a greenish color, and was traversed by red veins. It attracted the attention of everybody, but no one was bold enough to interrogate the mysterious stranger, until one day a lady, meeting him in a public parlor, ventured to say, "You wear a very handsome ring." The Russian made a movement as though he would conceal his hand, but that feeling gave way to a desire to unburden himself. "It is not a ring," he answered, "but a sepulchre!" A shudder passed through the whole company. "This jewel, madame," he continued, "is my wife. I had the misfortune to lose her some years since, in Russia. She was an Italian, and dreaded the icy bed which awaited her after this life. I carried her remains to Germany, where I was acquainted with a celebrated chemist, whom I directed to make of the body a solid substance, which I could always carry about me. Eight days afterwards he sent for me, and showed me the empty coffin, and a horrid collection of instruments and alambics. This jewel was lying in a table. He had, through means of some corrosive substances and powerful pressure, reduced and compressed that which was my wife into this jewel, which shall never more leave me." A rather doubtful story—but "strange if true."

COL. FREMONT carried out with him a release given by the United States Government, of all their claim to the mineral wealth in the Mariposa claim; and as the decision of the California Court rested wholly on this United States claim, that decision does not in any way affect Colonel Fremont's title to the mine.

THE SAILING OF THE SWORD.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

Across the empty grassy field,
When the sword went out to sea,
I saw the sword's shadow
Dashed each blade a tree.
I could not see the sword's head,
When the sword went out to sea.
Allies were a sword's head,
When the sword went out to sea,
But Ureia's was a sword's head,
For the mist we could not see.
The sword's head was a sword's head,
When the sword went out to sea.
Green holly in Allies's hand,
When the sword went out to sea;
With a sword's head in Ureia's hand,
Oh! yet also for me!
I did not hear a sword's head,
When the sword went out to sea.
Oh, sword's head and sword's head,
When the sword went out to sea;
My sword's head was a sword's head,
Red, brown, and white, and three;
Three sword's heads, each had a knight,
When the sword went out to sea.
Sir Robert's sword's head, and said,
When the sword went out to sea,
"Alley, while I see thy head,
What shall I bring for thee?"
"Oh, my sword's head, a sword's head,"
The sword went out to sea.
Sir Miles said, while the sails hung down,
When the sword went out to sea,
"Oh, Ureia! while I see the town,
What shall I bring for thee?"
"Dear knight, bring back a sword's head,"
The sword went out to sea.
But my sword's head, no sword's head,
When the sword went out to sea;
But only sword's head, a sword's head,
A quick sword's head from me:
"Come back, dear lord, to your sword's head,"
The sword went out to sea.
The sword's head was a sword's head,
When the sword went out to sea;
Beneath an apple-tree our heads
Stretched out toward the sea;
Gray gleamed the sword's head,
When the sword came back from sea.
Lord Robert brought a sword's head,
When the sword came back from sea;
He said Alley on the head:
"I am come back to thee;
"The time, sword's head, that we were wed,
Now the sword's head is back from sea!"
Sir Miles he bore a sword's head,
When the sword came back from sea;
His sword's head round Ureia's sword's head,
"What joy, oh, love, but Ureia's sword's head,
Let us be wed in the sword's head,
Now the sword's head is back from sea!"
My sword's head was a sword's head,
When the sword came back from sea;
Upon the sword's head a sword's head,
Sat on Lord Robert's sword's head;
His sword's head was a sword's head,
When the sword came back from sea!

A REMINISCENCE OF FIELD LANE.

Field Lane is now a thing of the past. That odd-looking bower of dangling silken banners, beneath which a colony of villainous faces, seated in shirt and bare of elbow, burrowed and sweated in darkness and foul vapors, has at length vanished. London has lost something by the loss of Field Lane. It has not a single sham left to compare with the commercial resorts of Constantinople or Grand Cairo, as Field Lane did, rivaling them in its mingled aspect of brilliancy and squalor, its shady sunlessness, even in the dog days, and its odors so genuinely Asiatic. But nobody need regret that that delectable Goshen has disappeared from the map of London, unless it be for the pickpockets, whose bazaar and sanctuary it was, and who made it so picturesque a garnish of their spots opines as to compensate in some degree to the public eye for the solace of which they deprived the public nose. A hundred thousand handkerchiefs per annum, it is said, were bought and sold in Field Lane—all extracted from the pockets of the public by rule of thumb, and all hung up as trophies in that sinuous gallery of banners for the said public to admire, and purchase if they chose. And the public did admire, in their way; that is, they laughed at the impudence of the thing—made of the thief's market a standing joke—in some sense, took a sort of pride in it, and commended it to strangers and country-cousins as a lion of a peculiar species; not the real British animal, of course, but yet a smart, plucky beast that scorned to carry his tail between his legs.

I confess, for my part, I never relished the jokes of which this den of rascality was the standing occasion. I had a reason for it. For more than five-and-twenty years I never came within sight of it without a shudder; and never passed, in all that time, its Holborn outlet without involuntarily quickening my pace until it was at least fifty yards in the rear. I am glad at last to see it razed to the ground. You will hardly wonder at that if you read what I am now going to set down.

In the summer of 1832 I was a young black-head just turned twenty-one; to be sure, what an age I was, half top and all fool! I had served my time down in Suffolk (I shan't say where), and had learned my trade as a hair-dresser, by dint of seven years' practice, tolerably well. At the expiration of my apprenticeship, I came up to town with all my fortune—above a hundred pounds—in my pocket, intending to see the world and enjoy myself before I settled down to business. I bought a fashionable suit, sported cream-colored gloves, hung a gold guard-chain that cost me ten guineas round my neck, cocked my Paris beaver on one side, and strutted the streets with a tasseled amber-headed cane. Fugh! I almost deserved what I met with.

Well, I did enjoy myself, notwithstanding. Everything was a pleasure to me in those days—then, as to Versailles, the theatres, the dancing-rooms, the free-and-easies, the shades—I thought them Paradise itself. I made friends with some young fellows as silly as myself, and together we flattered ourselves we "did the thing"—and many a preposterous and senseless thing we certainly did.

One day, having made an appointment to dine with one of these chummy acquaintances, I was proceeding in full costume along Holborn towards the place of assignation, when a mop-headed, ragged urchin ran against me, and nearly tripped me up; and the next moment I discovered that I had lost my handkerchief from my pocket. I was too green to suspect the little vagabond of having taken it—besides, he had disappeared. The loss was nothing; it was only the trouble of purchasing another. I proceeded onwards on the look-out for a shop, when I came suddenly upon the entrance to Field Lane, which disclosed to my view thousands of handkerchiefs dangling from walls, and lines, and open windows, and up I walked to make my selection. The queer aspect of the place tickled my fancy, and amused me much—the chaffing, squabbling, and howling—the coarse jokes I heard, the odd faces that peeped out on all sides—the myriads of silken spots that fluttered around and aloft—all struck me with an agreeable sense of novelty, and, being in no hurry, and thinking I might as well see the whole of it, I wandered from end to end of the lane before troubling myself about the business in hand. The siren of the place, plump and unctuous, paid me marked attention, and would fain have entrapped me into a bargain, but I was callous to their compliments, and held on my way. Having at length satisfied my curiosity, I retraced my steps, and entering a shop at hazard, demanded to be shown some of the best of the wares. The shop was a sort of shed-looking chamber, which was almost empty; the whole of the merchandise having been transferred to the lines and poles without, where, as it hung thick as leaves on a tree, it completely obscured the view of what was passing in the lane. The man who rose up from behind the counter in answer to my challenge, seemed to my first view all nose and scrubby hair; but a pair of hawk-black eyes twinkled beneath one broad bush of brow that covered them both, and his bristly jaw contorted with a grin as he asked:

"Didst yer vant de verra best, me tear?"

Of course I wanted the best, and was not particular as to price.

The fellow eyed me leisurely all over as I gave him to understand that much, and no doubt he took my measure to a hair.

"Den vill de shentleman shlep into de verra best, and look at some vot is fust-rate?"

He opened a whitewashed door at the end of the shop, and beckoned me to follow. I obeyed; and threading a dark, narrow passage some few paces in length, was shown into a chamber not more than ten feet square, lighted by a small window in the roof, and totally empty, with the exception of what seemed a huge seaman's chest, a short bench, and some tools and billets of wood lying about, together with a dozen or so of big square paving-stones, which seemed to have been brought in from Holborn, which was then undergoing repair.

The Jew produced a bunch of keys from his pocket, and ejaculating: "Ha, ha, me tear! I shall show yer de postifol goshen!" began fumbling at the lock of the chest, to open it. But somehow it would not open, and defied all his efforts, till the fellow began to curse the lock, and work himself into a passion with it. He stamped and bawled, and snatched at some absent old woman, who, he swore bitterly, had been meddling, and had hampered the lock.

At first the fellow's antics amused me; but all at once it struck me that the passion was unnatural and feigned; and now the queer reports I had heard of London traps and villainies rushed to my recollection, and I began immediately to suspect that all was not as it should be. I turned towards the door, intending to regain the shop, when it suddenly flew open, and a figure in the guise of an old woman, supporting herself on a crutch, barred the way.

I say, in the guise of an old woman; for if that apparition was of the female sex, then I am the man in the moon. I had mown too many masculine beards during the last seven years to be mistaken on that point: the seeming old woman was a sturdy ruffian of forty, not two hours shaved—I saw it at a glance; and the sight sent all the blood in my veins bounding back to its source.

The Jew launched a torrent of abuse at his confederate, and demanded the key of the chest. I was too much prepossessed to note his acts or to hear much he said. I endeavored to maintain a careless air, but could not withdraw my gaze from the pretended old woman. I heard the box-lid thrown back, and the voice of the Jew extolling the wares within. I made a feint of turning to look at them; and at the same moment I saw the petticoated ruffian feeling with his left hand for what seemed a fragment of a broomstick, which leaned against the wall behind the door. Something—perhaps my bet ter angel—gave me courage. I dashed at the object myself, and seized it firmly in my grasp—it was a pointed bar of iron. My worst suspicions were confirmed in an instant; and at the same moment the villains who had me in their toils, threw off the mask. The bigger ruffian lifted his crutch with both hands, and aimed a savage blow, which I luckily caught on the iron bar, and which shivered the crutch to fragments. Almost at the same moment the Jew grasped me by the throat. I dashed the heel of the bar into his face, and he flew to the end of the room, carrying my lavender-silk neck-tie and diamond pin in his hand. I expected the bulkier assassin would close; but, instead of that, he planted his back against the door—now firmly shut—and shielded himself with the remnant of his crutch. No time was to be lost—the Jew would recover himself, and return to the attack in an instant—heavy tools were lying about—I should be beaten down and slain. Madly I rushed towards the door, and was in the act of seizing my weapon for a blow which should crush the skull of the burly ruffian, spite of his fence, when suddenly the whole scene shot upwards into the air: the last thing I saw was the fire-flashing eye and demonic grin of my opponent—and I was falling, falling in a gulf of pitchy darkness.

Me of genius talk and write very fine things about the wonderful celerity of thought, and the franks of imagination and memory under certain circumstances. I don't understand that kind of subject myself; but it's all true they say, nevertheless. In those most horrible moments I saw myself a child in arms—a boy at school—an apprentice, shaving my master's customers in the old shop—and, what is more, I saw my-

self dead and dashed in pieces at the bottom of a frightful dungeon, and my mangled body stripped and plundered, and then packed away in a hole, out of the world for ever.

But this terrible vision was not destined to be realized. Instead of dashing on the floor of a dungeon, I fell sense into a mass of filthy stuff, the odor of which informed me at once that I had been hurled into the common sewer. The drain was deep, and I had to exercise some skill as a swimmer before I found my feet. Even then I stood up to the armpits in the vile liquid, the effluvia of which threatened to poison me with every breath I drew. Happily, I had suffered no serious bodily injury by my fall, the force of which had been neutralized by the water. I looked up just as the trap-door through which I had descended was in the act of closing—saw it raised to its level, and heard the villains slipping the bolt that secured it. What was to be done? I gave myself up for lost. If I cried out, none were likely to hear me save the fiends who compassed my destruction, which any alarm on my part would only goad them to complete. I had not relinquished the iron bar, but still clutched it mechanically, and I now began groping with it in the dense darkness, to ascertain, if possible, in what direction to proceed, to escape, if it might be, from the ruffians' power. I found that I stood in the centre of the channel, in which a slow current ran in one direction, as I judged towards the river. The water shallowed towards the sides. I crept involuntarily to the side furthest from the trap above my head, where the flood scarcely reached to my knees. A deadly shiver came over me, and I felt about with my hands for some place of rest, as I fancied my senses were leaving me. Thank Heaven, that did not take place! A rough sort of buttress of old brickwork projected from the bank, and in the angle of that I crouched half in the water and tried to collect my wandering faculties. I was hardly ensconced in this position, when a dull gleam shimmered faintly on the surface of the filthy water. I knew it must come from the trap-door overhead, and waited in horror for what it might portend—half-expecting to see the ruffian masquerader descend, knife in hand, to make sure of his work. I held my breath, for I knew that the villains were listening, and that the slightest sound from me would seal my doom. Then I heard a lumbering noise above, and the next moment down came a shower of the monster paving-stones, which would have crushed the life out of an ox had they fallen upon him. Then the trap closed once more, and again all was darkness.

How long I crouched there, devoured with terror and apprehension, I cannot say. To me it appeared an age; it may not have been a dozen minutes. I had come to the conclusion that there I should die, and rot piecemeal, and never be discovered; and there I should have died, it is my opinion, if a new cause of apprehension had not roused me. While I was in the lowest state of despondency, a red gleam shot along the dark water, from the distance of some thirty feet up the stream. I looked, and there, through a hole in the overhanging arch, caused by knocking out a few bricks, appeared the face of the Jew, still bleeding from the complement I had administered, and wild with mingled rage, pain, and anxiety. The wretch held a horse-pistol in one hand, and in the other a lantern furnished with a bull's-eye, which threw its searching rays to whatever point he turned it. I was sure now that my hour was come; but, lo! when the flash was turned in my direction, its full force fell on the intervening buttress, and by lying still as I was, I could remain effectually concealed.

Through a small crevice I watched the face of the Jew, as he turned his piercing eyes in every direction, and thought I read in it at length his conviction that I had perished—a conclusion to which he may have been helped by the sight of my hat cast up in the shallows on one side. In that case, I asked myself, what would he do? Would he not descend with his comrades to find and plunder my body? I had not a doubt of it—and my only chance lay in making my escape before they executed their purpose. The light which had shown me the Jew's face had shown me also something of the bearings of my prison. I saw that I could not proceed down the stream without getting into deeper water, but that upwards the depth was nothing—the flow rippling over stones and offal that lay in its course. Therefore, as soon as the Jew had disappeared, I rose cautiously from my position, and groped my way through the rayless gloom against the course of the current. I still retained my weapon, and it stood me in good stead as I held it above my head, by warning me when to stoop and save my bare scalp from the impending brickwork. When once fairly out of hearing and sight-range of my persecutors, a fact of which I was aware from the angular course I followed, my spirits began to revive within me, and something like hope once more dawned upon my mind.

To my great relief, I found as I proceeded that the horrible gloom grew less dense, partly, perhaps, because my sight was becoming habituated to it, but partly also because a few rays streamed in here and there through some of the side-gullies of the drain, the ends of which were separated but by a grating from the street, but which were all too narrow to admit the passage of my body. At first, all I cared for was to hasten on and on, away and still further away from the blood-thirsty assassins. Once or twice the main channel, or what appeared to be such, had branched off into other channels as large or nearly so. This gave me some comfort, as in the case of pursuit my pursuers must select the wrong track, and thus miss me. I had hurried onwards for some hours, and left the murderous den some miles behind before my limbs began to fail me, and I found myself compelled to stop to recruit my strength by rest. I sat down by a side-drain whence a few rays of light shone in, and resting my head upon my knees, allowed the current to flow under my legs. I could hear above my head the noise of the traffic that rolled along the streets, the rattle of wheels, and the pat, pat of innumerable feet—and the tears now for the first time started in my eyes, as I wondered whether I should ever again be restored to the busy world above. This melancholy temper of mind was, however, put to flight by the teeth of a huge rat, which had fastened on my ankle with the gripe of a vice. I had to crush the

fellow with my weapon before he would let go, and the next minute had to do battle with hundreds more, which swarmed upon me from all quarters, dashing at my face and hands, and falling on my neck from the roof, which was too low to permit me to stand upright. I must have smashed fifty of them at least before the troop withdrew from me to regale themselves on their dead companions, and allowed me to pursue my way.

This assault deterred me from proceeding further in the same direction, and I resolved to retrace my steps, and try another turning which I had marked about an hour before. One hope had haunted me all along, since I had shaken off the fear of being murdered. I had seen the day before in that neighborhood a part of the street ripped up for the repair of the main sewer. If I could find that spot, my deliverance would be effected. I could think of no other chance, and naturally clung to that with the tenacity of despair. With an eye to the rats in my progress, I regained the place I sought, and groped along as fast as I could. From the increased noise overhead, and the almost utter absence of light, owing to the length of the side-drains, I gathered that I was traversing one of the grand thoroughfares of the city. Several times I halted, and shouted at the top of my voice at the embouchure of the tributary drains; but no reply ever reached my ears, and I desisted at length in utter hopelessness of making myself heard. I knew by this time, from the hours I had been under ground, that the evening must be drawing in, and I looked for nothing less than passing the night, which, I was convinced, would be the last of my existence, in this living tomb. I knew that as soon as I succumbed to fatigue, I should be devoured by the swarms of rats; and already I felt exhausted in every faculty of my body.

Conceive my joy, if you can, when, on a chance look backwards in the direction I had come, I perceived at no great distance, and framed in the black circle of surrounding darkness, the figure of a man carrying an old horn-lantern swung from his neck, with a basket at his back, a bag at his girdle, a cage full of live rats in one hand, and a staff in the other. He was attended by a savage-looking bull terrier, which came scouring towards me open mouthed, and seemed inclined to resent my trespass on his warren. Never, perhaps, did mortal man rejoice more devoutly than I did at the presence of this strange and unlooked-for apparition. The man, bare to the hips, was a mass of filth and rags; yesterday, I would not have spoken to him on any consideration to be mentioned; but now, I could have pressed him to my heart, or kissed the tattered hem of his garments. I am not sure I did not do something as foolish the moment my trembling limbs had carried me to his side.

The honest fellow did not at all reciprocate my earnestness. Holding me off at arm's-length, he held up his lantern for a good view, and deliberately surveyed me from head to foot.

"Blest if it ain't a reg'lar swell!" he ejaculated at length. "Why, what do those makes the likes of you down in the shore? an' where's yer dog, man alive? Come into the shore without n'er a dog! it's a wonder the rats hasn't eat ee up!"

"I didn't come here of my own accord," I said. "Show me the way out, and I'll pay you well."

"Well, hang me if I knows what to make on it. Not come in o' yer home accord! How was it then? You've been here ever since one o'clock, anyhow."

"No, I have not—it was after three o'clock when I got here."

"That's impossible. Tide was a-comin' in then, an' it ain't gone down yet."

"Will you guide me out, and take a guinea for your trouble?" I said, impatiently.

"In course I guides you out, whether I will or not—cos if you follers me, you gits out when I do; but we can't go out till the tide's gone down—an' that won't be for this hour, I reckon. What I wants to know is how you got in—cos it looks queer, yer see. Here, take a swig o' this here, an' tell us all about it."

He produced a pocket-flask as he spoke, and glad enough I was to take a pull at the fiery spirit it contained, and which almost in a moment gave me new life.

"That's the sort to keep the stench out of a feller's stomach, ain't it?" he said, with a grin, as he followed my example. "Now for it. Let's sit down here—my basket's seat enough for two—an' tell us how the doose a gemman like you comes a shorin' o' it."

Without more ado, I told my story as the reader already knows it, to the unqualified amazement and indignation of the hearer. I shall not repeat his comments on the narrative.

"The bloody-minded villian!" he concluded; "won't you hang 'em?"

"That I certainly will, if I can lay hold of them," was my reply.

"An' I'll go on an' see 'em swing—blest if I don't."

"And you," said I—"how came you here? You seem to be quite at home in this horrible place?"

"Oh," said he, "the place is well enough, if that's all—only wish I had it all to myself, an' no hinterlopers. Yer see, I'm a shore-hunter for many a long year. All a feller finds down here is his own, an' nobody thinks of claimin' it agin—wouldn't git it if they did, I reckon."

"But what can you possibly find here besides the rats—and what use are they?"

"Ah, that's your high'nance! What can I find! Heverthink as comes down—leave me alone to find it—spoons, cheyney, money, silver thimbles. I've found a shillin' an' four six-pences to-day, only three on 'em's bad uns. I've found many a good soverain in my time, an' more bad uns. Then I snares the rats, an' them's eightpence a dozen for killin' 'em the dogs. Then there's the rags an' linen, lots o' that—an' what d'ye think o' pists? Many's the table-spoon I've had, an' tea-spoons too, an' many a silver snuff-box. I know'd a chap as found a gravy-noon as weighed six ounces, an' a gold lady's watch worth seven pound. Poor cove, he was too greedy, he was—he got that in here w' the tide one night without his dog, an' hanged if the rats didn't eat him up all but his bones. It's the truth I'm a tellin' yer. I helped to git all that was left of him out my-

self, an' we had to put the bones in a basket; they was all picked clean in a single night. There! I can't bear to think on it. Poor Bill."

This sort of revelation did not tend to reanimate my courage, and I was glad when the man rose, and whistling to his dog, proposed to go.

"The tide will be low enough to let us out," he said, "by the time we gits to the Thames, so we may as well be trackin' it."

"And which way do you go?" I inquired.

"The way you came," he said; "there is no tother way."

"I can't, I can't attempt it," I cried—and I really could not; my flesh creep! with horror at the idea.

The man lifted his lantern to my face, and marking my evident terror, began to scratch his head and mutter to himself.

"There is another way," I said, "they are repairing the sewer somewhere hereabout—surely you can find the place."

"Them repairs is done, an' closed up last night. But never say die! You said a guinea, didn't yer?" he asked, in a decided way.

"Yes, two. Put me above ground, and the money is yours."

"Come along, then," he rejoined, "step out arter me, an' I'll make it all right."

He held up his lantern, and struck into a sort of ambling run. I kept close to his heels, and the dog ran yelping before. We soon came to the main drain—descended it some quarter of a mile, then entered an arch to the right, to traverse which we had to stoop to a sitting posture. After a course of more than half an hour at the best speed we could make, my guide stopped at a low outlet not more than twenty inches in diameter, and divesting himself of his various burdens, began to crawl up the orifice, telling me not to follow him, but to wait his return. It was less than a minute he bawled out: "It's all right!" and the moment after, to my indescribable satisfaction, I heard him talking with some one above ground. I waited with what patience I could, but thought the conference would never have an end. At length my deliverer came sliding back again, heels foremost. His reappearance was followed by the sound of blows and the clang of crowbar on the grating above. My guide now held out his hand for the promised reward.

"Will you not also escape this way?" I asked.

"No," said he; "couldn't git my traps through. Besides, the old cove'll be lookin' out for me at the river-side, an' she'll be wondrin' where the doose I'm got to. You're all right now. Just crawl up the drain, an' there you are; there's enough on 'em, I reckon, up there to fish yer out."

Having recompensed my deliverer beyond his expectations, I followed his directions, more in a dream than with my real consciousness of what I was doing. I was hauled out, more dead than alive, at the corner of a narrow lane, among a crowd of people assembled to witness my resurrection. I had barely sense enough to make known the address of my landlord, to whose house I was conveyed, I believe, in a cart, upon a bed of straw, after several drivers of cabs and hackney-coaches had declined the honor of my custom.

It was night before I reached home; and from that hour until full two months after, the day and the night were all alike to me, for I was raging in the delirium of fever, and declaiming horrible narratives of murder, darkness, and skeleton victims, and rats, and graveyards. My poor old mother had to come up from Suffolk to take possession of me. But at last I got well again, in spite of the doctor who dozed me six times a day, and of the nurse, who crammed the mother with the notion that, because in my delirium I talked of rats, I was doomed to death.

The first thing I did when I recovered was to hunt up the ruffians who had thought to murder me. I got officers from Bow Street, and invaded Field Lane with the authority of the law. It was all to no purpose. Not only could I not find the villains themselves, but I could not identify even the scene of their atrocity. A perfect stranger to the place, I could only guess at its precise locality—of course could not swear to it. There was no such inner apartment as I described to be found—no trap-door to be discovered in any of the floors; in fact, the whole scene which my terror had indelibly imprinted on my memory, had all vanished together, and the search had to be given up.

The explanation of this seeming mystery must be referred to the time I had lain on a sick-bed, during which the report of my escape may have reached my intending murderers—and it is likely enough that my deliverer may have talked of his adventure, and so put the assassins on their guard. Thus they had time, and to spare, to effect the metamorphosis of their premises, which deceived the officers of justice, and thus facilitated their escape from the gallows they so richly deserved.

Since then, the doubt has often crossed my mind whether the police of Bow Street really believed the strange story I told them. Be that as it may, the reader may rely upon its accuracy so far as my memory serves me at this distance of time—and he will hardly wonder that I do not regret the final erasure of Field Lane from the list of metropolitan lions.

THE VALUE OF THE BAROMETER: KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.—It is a circumstance that cannot be too generally known, that before the commencement of the late storms on the northern coast, which caused the loss of a large number of brave fishermen, one village avoided the disaster through the inhabitants being better educated than in other places near; they understood the working of the barometer, and believed in it. In consequence of the aspect of this instrument, the men determined not to venture to sea; and it "would have been well," says a northern contemporary, "if they had also taken the precaution to drag their boats out of danger," and then they would have escaped without the destruction of either property or life.—English Paper.

OF A cotemporary, noticing the appointment of a friend as Postmaster, says: "If he attends to the mails as well as he does to the female, he will make a very attentive and efficient officer."

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTRY WIND.

"Sm,—I have lived to see and hear a great many strange things, but I never expected to live to hear an English poet singing the praises of the North-East Wind, as I am amazed to find the Rev. Charles Kingsley has been doing. What does the man mean? Has he a nerve in his body? Is he susceptible of catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, and the other ills that miserable flesh is heir to in this climate? Has he a constitution of cast iron, a skin of triple brass, and muscles of steel wire? Does he not know what it is, as he lies in bed of a morning, to feel that twinge of indescribable all-overlaidness, which announces that the East Wind is blowing outside the house? Does he not feel his eyes smart, his skin scorch and shrivel, his every limb ache, appetite go, and his temper break down altogether, whenever this same abominable wind prevails, as it does three days out of four in this infernal climate of ours?"

"I say again, what does the man mean by it? I am told he is the poet of a school of muscular Christians! I hate your muscular people—they are, as a rule, impudent, blustering, loud, and overbearing. They grate on one's nerves. They act upon one a good deal as the East Wind itself does—not one longing to be wrapped up warm, and rolled away into a corner, or at all events buried, it matters little how, out of the misery of this dreary world—and as if it is not enough to have to endure the East Wind, I must submit to have it sung, celebrated, praised, rejoiced in, made much of!—No, sir, if we are to have a song of the North East Wind, I submit that mine is more the thing than Mr. Kingsley's, and therefore beg to enclose it for your journal, which has occasionally, though at distant intervals, beguiled a miserable half-hour for Mr. Punch."

"Your dyspeptic reader,
"MISERABLE MEAGRESON."

MY SONG OF THE NORTH EAST WIND.

Hang thee, vile North Easter:
Other things may be
Very bad to bear with,
Nothing equals thee.
Grim and gray North Easter,
From each Essex-bog,
From the Plaiestow marshes,
Rolling London fog—
"Tired we are of summer!"
Kingsley may declare,
I give the assertion,
Contradiction bare;
I, in bed, this morning
Felt thee as I lay:
"There's a vile North Easter
Out of doors to-day!"
Set the dust-clouds blowing
Till each face they strike,
With the blacks is growing
Chimney-sweeper-like.
Fill our rooms with smoke-guts
From the chimney-pipe,
Fill our eyes with water,
That defies the wipe.
Through the draughty passage
Whistle loud and high,
Making door and window
Rattle, flap and fly;
Hark, that vile North Easter
Roaring up the vent,
Nipping soul and body,
Breeding discontent!
Squall, my noisy children;
Smoke, my parlor grate;
Soot, my shrewish partner;
I accept my fate.
All is quite in tune with
This North Eastern blast!
Who can look for comfort
Till this wind be past?
If all goes contrary,
Who can feel surprise,
With this rude North Easter
In his teeth and eyes?
It blows much too often,
Nine days out of ten,
Yet we boast our climate,
Like true English men!
In their soft South Easterns
Could I bask at ease,
I'd let France and Naples
Bully as they please,
But while this North Easter
In one's teeth is hurled,
Liberty seems worth just
Nothing in the world.
Come, as came our fathers
Heralded by thee,
Blasting, blighting, burning
Out of Normandy.
Come and slay and skin us,
And dry up our blood—
All to have a Kingsley
Swear it does him good!

—London Punch.

TELLING TALES OUT OF SCHOOL.—The last sermon preached by Father F., in Paris, has given cause of reprimand from high ecclesiastical authorities. The father is remarkable for his great severity towards the ladies, and, on this occasion proved himself not only severe but discreet, having divulged many of the little secret artifices with which they seek to lead men captive, and entangle their souls to perdition. "See you the blackness of the eyelids, my brethren? It is produced by kohl. It gives a modest, downcast look. How much will that look be more downcast still when appearing before a stern judge! Look at the bloom upon the cheek; it is produced by a rouge! There will be no need of artificial blushes when the shame is divulged, before the whole of mankind, upon the judgment day. Observe the pure, shining forehead; it is produced by the artificial straining of the hair—it gives that look of astonishment which must have struck you all; but how much more astonished will they appear who hear the dread sentence which condemns them, for these sins, to everlasting punishment!" And in this strain did the father proceed to other details, equally instructive, but less admissible to divulgence in public, and which caused the ways to wonder in their turn where so pious and righteous a man could have obtained his information.

OF WE sometimes imagine that our thoughts are new, because we cannot tell how they have been fired in the intellect. But there is very little of newness under the sun. Much of the science of the present time has its roots far back in the past. Lardner's researches at Nineveh exhumed a civilization of more ancient date than the Ninewite.—Emerson.

NEWS ITEMS.

EX-GOVERNOR BASHFORD, of Wisconsin, states that he was offered \$150,000 to approve of the first bill reported for distributing the lands granted by Congress in aid of the railroads of that State.

It is stated that should the Republicans carry Illinois through the Democratic Legislature there, they will elect one of their own number as Senator in place of Mr. Douglas. Hon. Abram Lincoln is spoken of.

GRAIN GLEANINGS AT THE SOUTH—A South Carolina gentleman writes from Edgefield, that the wheat and other grain crops never looked better, or bid fairer for a large yield, than they do at present. Should no disaster occur, new wheat may be expected from the South as early as the 25th to the 30th of May next, as it is now heading. The planting season is nearly over at the South; some corn has been worked over; a heavy cotton crop has been planted. The last year's crop of cotton will reach 3,250,000 bales.

JUDGE McCALDEN, in the United States Circuit Court of Louisiana, has decided against Mrs. Grimes on the ground of illegitimacy, and also on the ground of her alleged infidelity (David Clark's testimony). The case is to be appealed to the United States Supreme Court.

SENATE The Mayor's police squad of New York have broken up the leading lottery and bogus gift raffles in the city, 4,202 letters have been taken from the post-office, directed to their assumed proprietors. In these letters was enclosed over \$200,000. The letters, as far as they are taken from the post-office, are forwarded to Washington, to be recalled to their writers.

GAMBLING IN GERMANY—Prussia is about to make a third attempt to put down gambling throughout the German Confederation, having given notice of a motion in the Frankfurt Diet for the compulsory closing of the various casinos, kurlands, &c., which infest the banks of the Rhine. It is very questionable, however, whether her efforts will be successful. The fact is, the governments that tolerate gambling cannot be said to be moral and law-abiding. The casinos are by far their most profitable source of revenue, and the crowds of foreigners they attract enrich the population.

TEMPLE BAR—The removal of this well-known arch, the work of Sir Christopher Wren, is in contemplation, and as, for many reasons, it would be a pity to destroy it, a suggestion has been made to place it at the entrance to one of the parks, and so preserve the old landmark.

CANE CIDER—The Nashville Homestead says that beside the excellent syrup and sugar made from the Chinese Sugar Cane there is yet another article obtained from it which is of pleasant taste, and doubtless healthy in its consequences. It is obtained by putting the pressed juice of the cane in a wooden barrel or cask, allowing it to stand ten or twelve days, when it assumes the appearance of limpid water, and is fit for use. The flavor is similar to our best cider, and we suppose must be properly called cane cider.—Southern Cultivator.

MORE FRAUD—The publishing office in the East offering "Golden Prices" to western editors for advertising are mostly fraudulent institutions, and are a sell upon country papers. We have advertised for some of them, and in nearly every case, got cheated out of our pay. This was their fault, but next time it will be our own fault.—Freeport (Ill.) Republican.

It is reported that George Sand, the celebrated French authoress and socialist, has retired to spend the remainder of her days in a convent.

A NICE LITTLE SUN—It has been shown by official documents that in the banks in the city of New York there are upwards of forty-one millions of dollars on deposit, and the accumulation of unclaimed deposits are said to be between two and three millions of dollars. This large amount has been advertised for many years, but still remains and goes on increasing by the addition of interest. What to do with this money has now become a question of considerable importance.

EARLY HARVEST IN ILLINOIS—The Chicago Press advances the opinion that the wheat harvest in Southern Illinois will commence at least one or two weeks earlier than in 1877, when new barley from that locality was sold in Cincinnati on the 27th of June, and the wheat harvest had fairly commenced by the 4th of July.

The Church papers in England are waging a fierce controversy relative to the sort of gloves it is lawful and expedient for a Bishop to wear. At a religious meeting lately, the Bishop of London stood on a platform wearing a pair of bright yellow riding gloves, an act which has scandalized the de clippers.

WEALTH OF ILLINOIS—According to the returns of the County Assessors of Illinois to the State Auditor, the aggregate value of real and personal property in that Commonwealth (excluding several counties not yet received) amounts to \$408,477,367, being an increase of \$72,227,240 over the total of the year 1876, or 22 per cent. difference in two years.

BUILDINGS IN OHIO—Ohio built in 1877, 220 churches, worth \$400,000; eighty hundred school houses, worth \$300,000. The State has nine State buildings, at \$400,000; two hundred county buildings, at \$200,000; four thousand churches, at \$100,000; and ten thousand school houses, at \$50,000—aggregate value, \$241,000.

EXPENSIVE ANIMALS—An exchange says: The Government paid for lithographing and printing in colors a single ox, for the Patent Office Report, \$10,576; for a similar service for one bull, \$10,576; for a cow, \$7,500; and for a horse, \$5,576. A number of live bulls, cows and horses could be bought for those amounts.

REV. JOHN LYON, a teacher at Kirkwood, Missouri, having become deeply engaged in religious exercises, continued his fasting and prayer until his health and reason gave way, and he has been taken to the insane asylum at Fulton. He had been greatly exercised with the idea that he would do nothing to save men without a certain amount of fasting and prayer on the part of Christians, and his mind now takes the form of a painful conviction that if he stops praying, the Divine government will at once suspend operations, and the universe go to ruin.

ACCORDING TO A CORRESPONDENT OF THE Washington States, Col. Kinney has agreed to settle the Mormon of Utah on the Mesquite coast, and has sailed to Greytown for the purpose of completing his arrangements. The story sounds more like romance than truth, though there have been reports from time to time from Col. Kinney foreboding it.

JAMES DEAN is reported to have died of a legacy at St. Louis. He had the misfortune recently to receive a fortune from a deceased relative in England, and lived so fast that he used up himself and the fortune in a few months, leaving his family destitute.

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BOARD OF HEALTH—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 223—Adults 113, and children 110.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BRADSTRETS—There is no export demand for Flour, and the sales being confined to the wants of the trade, who buy moderately within the range of \$4.50-\$4.62 for standard and good superfine; \$4.75 for extra, and \$5.25-\$5.50 for extra fine and family lots, as to brand and quality. Standard Flour is offered at our lowest prices, with no finding buyers. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are firm, with small sales of the former at \$3.25-\$3.30. The latter is rather scarce at the same price.

WHEAT—There is very little offering, and prices are scarce, and command fully former quotations. Sales include some 1500 bush at 108-112 for fair to prime reds, and 115 to 125 for white; Rye unsettled, and about 800 bush Penna sold at \$5.75; the distillers are offering the former price at \$5.75; and moderate demand for white wheat, 4000 bushels, mostly Southern Yellow, at 71c and 67c, and 69c in store, including 800 bushels white at 67c. The receipts are light. Oats are steady, with sales of 5000 bushels Pennsylvania at 29-30c; 4000 bushels, at the latter price for Penna.

PROVISIONS—The receipts and sales are moderate, but the high views of holders has had a tendency to check business within the last day or two, and the market has ruled quiet. Most Beef is a firm at \$17-18 for City Pack. Bacon moves off as wanted, at 11-12 for plain and fancy Ham, 8-9 for Shoulders, and 9-10 for Sides. The latter for present western, Green Corn is also firm, with sales of 500 cases at \$1.00 for Ham, in salt and pickle; 7-8 for Shoulders, and 9-10 for Sides, cash and 60 days. Of Lard, the stock is light and the sales limited, at 11-12 for bulk, and 12-13 for family. Butter has been more active; there is very little Roll arriving, and prices range at 14-15 in quality; Solid Pack is quiet at 10-12. Cheese—no change and sales limited. Eggs are plenty at 10-12 for domestic, and 11-12 for foreign. Hides are quiet, with sales of 500 cases at \$1.00 for Ham, in salt and pickle; 7-8 for Shoulders, and 9-10 for Sides, cash and 60 days. 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Wit and Humor.

THE JESTS OF HIEROCLES.

The authorship of these Greek "Jests" is generally imputed to a New Platonist, who lived in Alexandria about the middle of the fifth century, and acquired celebrity by his commentary on the Golden Verses of Pythagoras. They were first drawn from the obscurity of the manuscript by M. de Frobenius, Leidenburg, 1605, and have since been printed in several different forms in Leipzig, Paris, and London.

1. A silly fellow having a cask of Amineon wine, impressed his seal on the cork. But his servant, having bored through it from below, and drawn out some of the wine, the master wondered to see that it had decreased before the seal was broken. "See if it is not drawn from below," said his friend. "You fool," he answered, "the empty space is not at the bottom; it's at the top!"

2. Another stupid pedant going out into the fields asked the servant if the water in the well there was good to drink? Being answered that it was, for his parents had drunk of it, he exclaimed, "What long necks they must have had to drink from such a deep well!"

3. A foolish school man being told that crows would live upwards of two hundred years, bought one to try the experiment.

This is obviously the production of a mind similar to that which made up the common story in our own country about the cedar posts that have been again and again proved to be capable of "lasting forever."

4. A stupid fellow suffering shipwreck in a storm, when he saw each of his companions embracing some piece of furniture for safety, threw his arms around one of the anchors.

5. A silly pedant wishing to know if he looked well asleep, shut his eyes and looked in the glass.

One of our commonest jokes is told of

6. A silly fellow, who, wishing to learn to swim, was almost drowned. So he swore that he would never touch the water again till he had learned to swim.

7. Another, wishing to teach his horse to live without eating much, gave him no food at all. When finally the horse starved to death, his master said, "I have met with a great loss, for my poor horse died just at the very time that he had learned to live without eating."

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11. A simpleton wishing to cross a river went aboard a ferry boat on horseback. "Why do you do so?" some one asked. "To go quicker," said he.

One or two of the jests pertain more particularly to the life of the student.

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13. A stupid fellow's friend wrote to him in Greece to buy him some books. But he neglected to do it until unexpectedly meeting his friend he exclaimed, "I never got your letter about those books."

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The examples which we have given afford sufficient evidence of the similar tastes of Greeks in Egypt, and Anglo-Saxons in America, if we may judge by the avidity with which such jests are now collected for newspapers and Editors' Drawers.—R. I. Schoolmaster.

"THE RYLING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."—Old Uncle John Jones, who lived in Cincinnati a few years ago, was excessively fond of mint. So fond was Jones of this weed, that he would be sure to obtain the first mint of the season, and proceed at once to have it manufactured into a "julep," which luxury seemed to be his only glory in the drinking line. Jones would indulge in as many as twenty-five or thirty drinks a day during the julep season. In the spring of 1855 Jones did not make his appearance as usual, and the proprietors of the saloons and restaurants, whom he had become quite familiar with, felt anxious as to the whereabouts of their beautiful customer. Upon inquiring, they found that Jones had come to his death during one of the winter months, and feeling as if they owed a little respect to their departed friend, they proceeded to his grave, where, to their surprise, they found the mint had grown all about his grave to the immense height of from a foot to eighteen inches.

When the learned pig was in the south of his popularity, a wag who attended the performance maliciously set before him some peas—a temptation which immediately caused the animal to lose his cue. The pig-exhibitor re-monstrated with the author of the mischief upon the unfairness of the proceeding, when the latter replied that he "merely wished to see whether the pig knew his P's from his Q's."

A coquette may be compared to tinder, which catches sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting a match.

ANECDOTES OF JUDGE TURNER.

The late Judge Turner, of Vermont, (of whom every man within five hundred miles has heard, and of whom more humorous sayings are recorded than of any other man in Vermont,) was a witty man, as he was a learned jurist. He had a quick, subtle, and acute mind, with a nervous and very hurried manner; speaking so fast, when talking, that it was difficult for the listener to keep up with his words. He was many years on the bench. On one occasion, a young and zealous lawyer, not over penitence in his allusions to the Court, nor very formal in his manner, was arguing a law question before the Judge, and in the course of his argument, by way of illustration, wished to "suppose a case." "We will suppose, your Honor," said he, "that your Honor were to steal a horse." "No! no! no!" interrupted the Judge; "not at all! not at all! 'tis a supposable case, Mr. S.—'tis a supposable case." "Very well, begging your Honor's pardon," proceeded the eager lawyer, with more zeal than prudence, "very well; then supposing that I should steal a horse—" "Ah! yes, yes," said the Judge, "that is a different thing; very likely, Mr. S., very likely. Proceed, Mr. S.—" Mr. S. proceeded to take a seat, amid the shouts of his brethren, and had the good sense to take the joke in good part, and to repeat it often to his friends. While Judge Turner was in the practice of his profession, he once conducted a petty litigation between two very mean men, about a very small matter, and finally succeeded in promoting his case to the County Court, to be heard by a Judge presiding therein, who shall be nameless. This Judge, although he had the respect of the bar for his learning and ability, had lost their confidence in his integrity, and was generally deemed corrupt. He was a man of stately, dignified presence, although at times a little "pompous." Mr. Turner's case was laid before his Honor, and had been proceeded in far enough for the Judge to catch a glimpse of the nature of it and its litigants, when he stopped Mr. Turner in a very grave, dignified manner: "Mr. Turner, this seems to be a very trifling case: why not advise your client to submit it to the candid, impartial arbitration of two or three good, honest men, and so not trouble the Court?" "Ah! yes, yes, yes, your Honor," broke in Mr. Turner, in his usual hurried manner, and a sparkling snap of his sharp, "practised eye," as he addressed the Judge, (for whom, by the way, he had not a high regard,) "yes, yes, your Honor, but this is just precisely one of those cases we do not wish to trouble an honest man with!" Mr. Turner lost his case. One or two more, and I am done: An empty-headed, conceited brother lawyer once bewailed to Judge Turner that he (the lawyer) could not be translated back to youth, and carry with him all the learning and experience he had acquired during a long practice: "Yes, yes," said the Judge; "but console yourself that you would carry back a very light pack indeed; hardly worth the journey!" He had a very intimate friend and neighbor, who was very methodical (and withal rather eccentric) in the commonest affairs of life. Among other things, this neighbor had a dog, a fine noble fellow, that was a general favorite, and with whom his master kept a regular and precise book-account, charging the dog with his board, etc., etc., and crediting him with services whenever he rendered any. It so happened that the dog killed a cow, by breaking her neck, for which his master had to pay dearly, and so he killed the dog. Upon examining and adjusting the account with his dog, after his demise, the animal was found to be greatly in debt to his master. Of this he was complaining one day to the Judge in mock-mourning style, when Judge Turner briefly remarked, nudging his friend, "Yes, yes, M—; no knowing how the dog's accounts would have stood if he had only had an honest executor!" The dog's estate was speedily settled, and accounts balanced by "profit and loss" account.—Knickerbocker.

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EXTRAVAGANCE.

"NOW, YOUNG UNS, CUT AWAY—DARN THE EXPENSE!"

BUTTER-MAKING.

We find in the Maine Farmer a prize essay, by Mrs. H. Winchester, of Brewer, read before the Maine State Agricultural Society, at Bangor, September, 1857. It contains so much information on this subject, that we think its perusal will benefit our readers:

I have been practically acquainted with butter-making for more than twenty years, and hope I shall be able to give some plain directions for making good butter, which will be valuable to young housewives; whilst those who know more about it than I do, will be induced, by my example, to communicate their knowledge to the public for the benefit of others.

I believe it is as easy to make good butter as that of an inferior quality. In the first place, to make good butter, we must have good milk. More depends on the quality of the milk than many would suppose. Some cows give richer milk than others. The cows which give poor milk should be sold to the butchers, and their places supplied by good ones. They should have pure water, and good, rich grasses, or fodder, in abundance, because the milk is flavored by the food. Turnips, or garlie, impart their peculiar taste to the milk, and so do all kinds of food on which the cow feeds, though some taint it more than others. In winter, if cows are fed on poor hay, the milk will be poor, the butter white and of inferior quality. The excellence of June butter is owing to the rich, young grasses which are so abundant at that time. The farmer should see that his cows are supplied with the best of food, if he would have good butter. Corn fodder, carrots, pumpkins, beets, and Indian meal, or shorts, are good for fall and winter feeding.

It is not necessary to say that the milk-room and dishes should be clean; for all admit it. But every one does not know how important it is to have pure air in the dairy-room—to see that it is as far removed as possible from all impure odors, or anything that will taint the atmosphere, and thus injure the butter. The milk-room should be clean, cool, dry, airy, and well ventilated. Flies may be excluded by a wire gauze screen in the windows. The temperature should range from thirty-five to sixty-five degrees, as cream separates best in a cool place. I find that milk which is set to rise in a hot room, will very soon become rancid, will yield so much cream, and will make soft, oily butter, which will soon become rancid. The dairy should front the north, and be shaded by trees so as to admit the light and air, but exclude the sunshine and heat.

I am now using "Davis's Patent World's Fair Churn." I like it because it churns easily, and separates the butter from the milk quicker and easier than any other churn I know of. The churn should not be soaked over night. Put in a quart of boiling water, churn it one minute, then draw it off and pour in a pailful of cold water to remain in the churn five minutes, and your churn is ready to use. As soon as you have done with it, wash it well, dry it, and put in a dry place. Churning should be done early in the morning, while it is cool. Rapid churning is not the best; but if the cream is acid, and of the right temperature, it will require less than half an hour. The temperature of the cream, to churn best, should be sixty-two degrees. Cream must be slightly acid before it will make butter; and in cool weather it must be put in a warm place for that purpose. I never could mix milk, or cream, because it gives the butter a flavor which I do not like, and it is useless labor. I use tin pans to set my milk, because they are light to handle, and are easily kept sweet and clean. Milk should be skimmed before it becomes acid in the least degree. The first cream that rises is the best, both in flavor and color. The milk should not be set more than twenty-four hours, and it is better if skimmed in twelve hours, as what little might be lost in quantity would be gained in quality. Recently I measured out sixteen gallons of milk, set it twenty-four hours, skimmed nine quarts of cream from it, and churned nine pounds of butter, thus obtaining nine ounces of butter from a gallon of milk. The cream should be kept in stone or glass jars, or well-glazed or enameled ware, as the acid corrodes common coarse glazing, and it imparts poison to the cream. Too much care cannot be taken to have our food pure from mineral poisons. I wish our housewives understood this matter better than they do. The cream should not be covered except by a gauze, which will not exclude the air. I put an ounce of fine salt into a three-gallon jar when I begin to fill it with cream, and stir the cream well morning and evening. It should not be kept more than a week.

As soon as the butter has become hard, I draw off the butter-milk, and remove the butter into a long, wooden tray. Then I press out the

butter-milk with hard-wood clappers, and mix in, by weight, one and one-eighth ounce of fine salt to the pound. Placing the butter in one end of the tray, which is slightly raised, so as to drain it, I leave it for the salt to combine with it until the next morning. I then work it over thoroughly (but not long enough to heat it, or make it like salve) and mix in two ounces of white sugar to ten pounds of butter. If it is for present use, I make it into balls and stamp it. But if it is intended to be kept for winter, I put it down solid in stone jars, sprinkling a very little salt on the surface, and covering it with a thick, fine cloth, put on the lid, and place the jar in a dry, cool place. It is better to fill the jar with one churning; but if not able to do so, pack in each churning solid, and exclude the air till you get the jar full. If it is to be kept a long while, or sent to sea, pour a little melted butter over the top of the jar before you put on the cloth. I have put down butter in this way in September, and kept it till the next June as good as newly-churned butter.

It is very important to have good salt to use, for some salt gives the butter an unpleasant taste, and prevents it from keeping well. I wish it to be noticed particularly that I do not wash my butter, nor allow any water, hot or cold, to be put with the cream to raise or lower the temperature when I churn. It is very injurious to it. It washes out the flavor and sweetness from it, makes it insipid, and turns it rancid. The water which remains in it, injures it more than the butter-milk. I do not believe it is possible to preserve butter well for any length of time that has been washed. Some one should superintend the dairy to see that all is done as it should be.

EARLY CUTTING OF HAY.

I have observed in several agricultural papers, articles exhorting farmers to cut their hay as early as at the time that it comes out in blossom, (or even earlier,) because, it is said, "if properly cured, the hay retains its beautiful green color, and the nutritive juices of the plant to a much greater degree than if suffered to stand until the seeds are fully formed."

Perhaps this may be true in regard to clover, but I am satisfied that it is not in regard to timothy or the other "grasses." At all events, my experience is that green timothy hay is not as palatable to cattle, nor to stock of any kind, as that which is cut after the seeds are fully formed, and indeed so far ripened as to "shell" a little, when the hay is "housed."

Some years ago I cut some very good timothy grass before harvest, and before the blossoms had entirely fallen off. It was cured in the very best manner, and placed in a mow to which I could at any time have access. After harvest, and when the seed had become so ripe as to shell out considerably, I cut the same kind of grass in the same field, and placed it in a separate mow. At a favorable time (in the following winter,) for making a fair experiment, I carried out to my cattle, hay from the mow in which I had stored that which had been cut while green, (before harvest,) and fed to each a separate parcel. After they had fairly commenced feeding upon it, I carried to each a parcel of that which had been cut after harvest, and from which the seed shelled when it was handled. In every instance the cattle immediately quit the "beautiful green hay," and ate up, clean, that which was cut after harvest, before again touching the former. Indeed, in many instances, they threw from their mouths the green hay, the sooner to get at the other. I repeatedly tried the same experiment, and the result was the same in every instance. The reason of the preference shown by the cattle for the hay cut after harvest, I suppose to be this: it was much more easily masticated, and sweeter in flavor, than the other; that it retained, in the stems, leaves and seeds, all the nutritive matter which it possessed when green, and probably with some additions, derived from the earth and atmosphere, over and above that of the green hay.

The green, early cut hay, although it retained its green and beautiful appearance, was tough and difficult to masticate; and very probably the crude and unelaborated sap acquired an acid and bitterish taste which was disagreeable to the palate, and deleterious to the health of the cattle. Be this as it may, the experiments fully satisfied me that the cattle were most fond of the later cut hay; that they would eat more of it, and keep in better condition upon it than upon the earlier cut green hay. I have not so perfectly experimented in regard to horses and sheep. But I have observed that they always made the same choice with the cattle, when opportunity offered; no doubt for the same reasons.—Correspondent of Country Gentleman.

SEED-BALL POTATOES AND THE ROT.—D. P. Dutton, of Watertown, Conn., says: "As to seed from bulk, it is no new theory, but has been started at intervals for several years. Some six years since a few bushels were brought to this town—second year from the balls—in size from a quail's to a hen's egg—nice looking and well flavored. I purchased half a bushel and planted them in a favorable locality. The vines were very thrifty, and the hills set full of tubers, but yet before time to harvest them the rot took them; and although, perhaps, not quite as bad as in some other cases, bad enough, destroying from one-half to two-thirds the crop—and the same was the experience of many others.

"As to varieties, we had a red potato, which found its way here from the northern part of your State, and from Maine and Nova-Scotia, under different names; it is medium sized, rather oval in shape, and of fine flavor, and although not fully proof against the rot, has resisted its ravages longer and better than any other variety."

THE BORER.—Mr. Travis, of Natick, Mass., states that a mixture of one part salt, two parts fresh slaked lime, and two parts of soft soap, applied to the lower limbs and the body of the apple-tree, after first scraping the tree gently, will prevent the borer from depositing its eggs in the bark. It should be applied about the middle of April. He states that the success of this remedy is complete.

Useful Receipts.

THE TOOTHACHE.—My dear friend, I said to you, "I can cure your toothache in ten minutes. Have you any alum?"

"Yes."

"Bring it, with some common salt."

They were produced. My friend pulverized them, and mixed them in equal quantities, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powder to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

"There," said he, "if that does not cure you, I will forfeit my head. You may tell this to every one, and publish it everywhere. The remedy is infallible."

It was as he predicted. On the introduction of the mixed alum and salt, I experienced a sensation of coldness, which gradually subsided, and with it the alum and salt. It cured the torments of the toothache.—Exchange.

RUST.—To remove rust from steel, cover with sweet oil, well rubbed on it; in forty-eight hours use unslaked lime powdered very fine. Rub it till the rust disappears. To prevent the rust, mix with fat oil varnish four-fifths of well rectified spirits of turpentine. The varnish is to be applied by means of a sponge; and articles varnished in this manner will retain their brilliancy, and never contract any spots of rust. It may be applied to copper philosophical instruments, &c.; common beeswax rubbed over the barrels of fowling pieces, and afterwards polished by means of a coarse flannel, repels rust. Black lead is used for the above purpose. Brigadier-General Jacob, who lately lost his life before the walls of Delhi, was in the practice of preserving his gun locks as well as his sword blades with a besmearment of mercurial ointment, to prevent the innovation of ferruginous oxide, and found it highly efficacious as a repellent to that corrosive and unseemly objection.

SMALL-POX.—The Bristol Times publishes the following receipt, communicated by a lady, for preventing scars and pits from being left on the skin by small pox:—"When the disease is turning, and the eruption dying away, bathe the marks with tripe-liquor moderately warm, several times in the day, and the effect will be gently to remove the spots, and to leave none or very little appearance on the skin. The liquor may be had at any shop where the tripe is boiled, and will be found very relieving to the patient."

TO COLOR GREEN.—Nellie C. L. inquires for a recipe for coloring cotton goods green. Here it is, and we will warrant it good, as it has been well tried during these hard times when rag carpets are more in vogue than tapestry. To 4 lbs. of fustic take 1 lb. logwood chips—not the extract—and 1 oz. vitriol. Boil the wood until the strength is obtained, then add the vitriol. This solution will color 4 or 5 lbs. of goods. Put in the goods and boil 10 or 15 minutes. Have hot soap-suds ready and wash just as soon as drained. Do not rinse it after washing in the suds.—Rural New Yorker.

WHOOPIING COUGH.—A correspondent of the New York Evening Post furnishes the following receipt for the cure of the whooping cough: Take the best kind of coffee prepared as for the table, and give a common drink to the child as warm as can be drank; and a piece of alum for the patient to lick as soon as it may wish. Most children are fond of alum, and will get all they need without being urged; but if they dislike it, they must be made to taste of it eight or ten times in the course of a day. It will effectually break up the worst case of whooping cough in a very short time. To adults and children in the habit of taking coffee, the remedy is good for nothing.

PAT'S OPINION OF THE POSSUM.—"Do you know what a 'possum' is?" asks a Jacksonville (Florida) correspondent; "if not, be it known to you that the 'possum' is in size like unto a woodchuck, gray in color, feet like a squirrel, and color like unto a gray squirrel, but a tail long and like a rat's. Again, in this region, we have an animal similar to your gray squirrel but a third larger, and color darker. With this preface, I'll tell a tale, as it was told me, and if not an old Joe, it is a good one. A party of Patricians, who handle the shovel and the hoe on the railroad near here, went out for to hunt, and on their return brought in some fox squirrels, (the above-mentioned.) One 'broth of a boy,' however, had killed a 'possum,' an animal new to them. After several guesses as to the species, a wise one declared it was the 'old fyther' of the squirrels; it being suggested by a doubter that the tail was bare, Pat quickly rejoined: 'It is his great age do you see, that has made him bald!' This proved a clincher, and the problem was solved satisfactorily to the sons of Erin, but the 'darkies' exploded incontinently."—Knickerbocker.

The Riddler.

DOUBLE ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 69 letters.
My 52, 3, 4, 8, 52, 9, 59, 1, is a county in Mississippi.
My 67, 7, 44, 37, is a Scripture proper name denoting a sheaf or bundle of corn.
My 7, 50, 52, 38, 59, 54, 45, 52, 18, 64, are pawns which it is to the advantage of every one to understand.
My 16, 18, 26, 35, 8, 59, 66, 66, was one of three envoys extraordinary to France in 1797.
My 42, 9, 2, 14, 46, is a Scripture proper name, signifying "May time, my hour."
My 61, 6, 37, 46, 36, 4, 40, 37, 4, is a Latin phrase, meaning by the Grace of God.
My 34, 39, 16, 45, 29, 7, is a simple metallic substance.
My 26, 4, 63, 20, 68, 66, 38, 11, was a Secretary of State, appointed in 1793.
My 2, 14, 61, 54, 31, 16, 55, 47, 8, is a kind of attraction not perfectly understood.
My 28, 66, 27, 25, 60, is a town on the Alleghany river.
My 66, 62, 52, 22, 37, 49, 5, 18, 58, is a short poem by Scott.
My 37, 16, 38, 15, 19, 23, 10, 58, 18, 43, 37, 66, 45, 21, 24, is an essential property of matter.
My 5, 4, 14, 37, 31, 53, is to disappear.
My 13, 46, 2, 58, 45, 4, is one of the asteroids.
My 38, 6, 51, 2, 30, 5, 34, 45, 26, is a place where anything is kept in store.
My 69, 30, 45, 60, 32, 50, 44, gets cheated very often.
My 6, 49, 14, 29, 37, is the French for the "blue."
My 44, 28, 46, 64, 30, 41, 37, 66, 66, 45, 45, 18, 7, 65, was banished by the Puritans.
My 30, 3, 2, 28, is a Greek word, signifying "I flow."
My 17, 18, 33, 14, is to gape.
My whole is a very laconic letter. Acrostically gives the name of the writer, and finally that of the receiver.
Salem, Ohio.
TOM.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 21 letters.
My 21, 14, 8, 20, was a Roman General.
My 6, 4, 10, 1, 18, 14, 15, was a distinguished American orator and statesman.
My 7, 21, 9, 3, 20, 1, was a noted tyrant of the 17th century.
My 13, 2, 21, 1, 12, 20, 6, was one of the first settlers of New England.
My 6, 17, 7, 19, was Governor of Virginia in 1621.
My 1, 7, 5, 2, was a Persian poet.
My 5, 11, 3, 4, 8, was one of the most celebrated artists of the 16th century.
My whole is an English novelist.
Warren, Vt.
HARP.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
My first ordained a time of rest,
We now make one of toll;
'Tis back and scour, and scrub and sweep,
And clear up dust and soil.
My second comes, the work is done,
Papa has come to tea,
And in our cosy dining room,
We sit down cheerfully.
Mamma is seated at my third,
And breaks the nice fresh roll,
And asks as all her girls are good,
If pa wont get my whole.
MARA.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
To be my first 'tis very bad,
Whether in young or old;
And to shun it we'd be glad
To give our stores of gold.
My second is a little word—
A pronoun—and much used;
From pompous persons 'tis often heard,
And by them oft abused.
Upon the awful battle-plain,
When the booming cannons roar,
Or when the storm-fleets scourge the main,
My third's echoed o'er and o'er.
My whole's a grand and noble State,
In the wide, free West;
And the one of this republic great,
In truth, I like the best.
Charleston.
T. E. WOODS.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
My first's a constellation, my second is doxy;
My whole's a vegetable: that is all I will say.
ANTHONY MARTIN.

ANAGRAMS

On Towns, Villages, and Counties in Maryland.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
We mark ten. To R. N. Abel.
Oh draw. C. looks vile.
R. M. got money. Ket Moe.
No bile. Miss E. W. Trent.
Lisbon, Md.
G. F. S.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
The money staked by A, B, and C, at a game of hazard, amounted to \$150.00. But they happening to disagree, each seized as much of the money as he could. A got an amount unknown; B got as much as A, and \$4.50 over; C got a fifth part of both their amounts added together. How much did each get?
GEO. W. DUFFIELD.

CONUNDRUMS.

When is a wall like a fish? Ans.—When it is scaled.
Over what earthly and heavenly thing does a rainy day exercise the same influence? Ans.—The sun and your boots; for it takes the shine out of them both.
What day of a Spring month is a command to go ahead? Ans.—March 4th, (forth).
Why is a lean dog like a man in meditation? Ans.—Because he is a thin cur.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The American Revolution. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle. MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—General Franks Marion. CHARADE.—Nightingale. CHARADE.—Bag-trout. TRANSPORTION.—Clinton (List, Tin, Ton, Lon, Oh.) ANAGRAMS.—Washington, Brigham Young, Money, Addition, Enigma, Weight. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.—117 acres and 90 perches.